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NEW FEATURES

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Poetry.

THE FIRST MEMORY.

It is my earliest memory;
Benind, by viewless sunlight kissed,
Lies, glimmering, the golden mist
That hides, forever hides, from me
That fairy land of infancy!

The gateway of our narrow yard
My baby feet from roving barred,
One day I found it swinging wide;
My freedom was, at last, my own;
I pressed triumphantly outside,
And stepped forth in a world unknown!
Across the way, a field of corn
Was rustling in the breezy morn,
I hastened to it; overhead
The long green leaves their banners spread;
So proudly tall would seem to be!
Above, against the clear blue sky,
The crests of flowers rose straight and high,
While, in the sheltering shade beneath,
The silk hung from each emerald sheath.
At once my dimpled hands were full—
What joy the glistening threads to pull,
And bear the treasure home to show!
When, lo,
I could not find the way to go!
I wandered helpless here and there;
The long, green leaves, with rustling sound,
Were bending, swaying, all around;
They whispered terror in my ears—
"Where had I come! O where? O where?"
My all, my baby all, seemed lost,
Since I the door-yard gate had crossed.
With trembling limbs, and blind with tears,
And lifting piercing shriek on shriek
That still to me seemed faint and weak,
Of all earth's creatures most forlorn,
I stood amid that waving corn—
When on my brow I felt a kiss,
Warm, loving arms were round me prest,
And in an ecstacy of bliss,
I lay upon my mother's breast!

It is my earliest memory;
Ay, more! how oft it comes to me,
When all looks dark, around above,
And seems a parable of love!

—*Wide Awake.*

HIGHLY EVANGELICAL OSCULATION.

"Sue," said Tom, "did you hear this?"
Could it be he meant to trick her?—
"The concussion of a kiss
Always makes the gas flames flicker."

Then experiments they tried
In the interests of science,
And their lips as she complied
Soon had formed a close alliance.

After trials two or three,
Happy as a man in liquor,
"See it flicker, Sue!" said he;
Quoth the maiden, "Let it flicker!"

—*From the Christian at Work.*

Our Story Teller.

HIGHLAND NORA.

ROSY-CHEEKED lass, with great gray eyes and white dimpled arms, was gayly singing, as she wielded the churn-dasher,

Hear what Highland Nora said:

"The earlie's son I will not wed."

"Do you mean that, Nora?"

A young man thrust his head and shoulders in at the open window, resting his elbows on the low, old-fashioned sill. "Do you mean it, Nora?" he repeated.

Nora started in well feigned surprise, and the rich blood dyed cheek and brow.

"Of course, I do," said she promptly, adding, "just as did that other Nora."

But the hint was entirely thrown away, for the young man only answered:

"Did she? I never read the poem. But I have been thinking, Nora—"

"Indeed! Is it such a strange thing for the young 'squire to think?" the girl interrupted saucily.

"Don't laugh at me, my darling," said he, not heeding the indignant flash of the gray eyes. "You have said the same thing a great many times before, but somehow I always thought you did not mean it, and that you did love me in spite of all. Now, Nora, I ask you for the last time, will you marry me?"

Nora did not answer; she was busy taking the butter out of the churn. As she placed it on the table, she turned, facing him.

"I beg your pardon—what did you say? I was busy."

The young man bit his lip with vexation, but repeated his question.

Placing her hands behind her, and assuming an attitude of defiance, Nora sang:

Hear what Highland Nora said:
"The earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I;
For all the gold, for all the gear,
For all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the earlie's son!"

"But I mean it, Nora," he pleaded.

"And I, too—just as did that other Nora." Guy Earle turned his face away and closed his lips tightly a moment.

"Very well; I will never ask you again," said he, coldly.

The rich color faded from Nora's face, but she turned away that he might not notice it, and said tauntingly:

"Ah, that sounds something new! I really don't see what you will find to talk of, however."

Guy remained silent a short time; then he spoke in an entirely different tone—one that made the girl stare in astonishment, so masterful it was:

"Nora, I shall take you boating this afternoon."

She hesitated.

"I did think of gathering ferns; but I'll go," she added graciously, as she thought of his words, "I will never ask you again."

"Thank you."

"Did he mean it?" the girl wondered, as she watched him out of sight. "The goose! Why doesn't he read the poem and see what the other Nora meant?"

Meanwhile Guy was saying:

"I know Nora loves me, she only wants to torment me. Never mind, my lady! I'll change the manner of my siege, and be commander-in-chief a while; you have occupied that position quite long enough." Then an amused smile broke from his lips. "How surprised she looked at my commanding tone! I expected her to refuse me."

After dinner, Nora donned her prettiest dress, a dainty gray, with ribbons the color of the sweet lips. Tying on her wide-brimmed hat, she thought, "I'll take my zinc-lined box for ferns, there are such lovely ones on the island. There," giving a parting nod to the face in the mirror, "you'll make him ask you again, my dear, this very afternoon!" she said, and smiling at her own conceit, tripped away.

She was purposely late.

"It won't do for me to think I am too anxious to go," she had said.

To her surprise Guy was not there, anxiously pacing the sands and wondering at her delay.

"Where can he be?" she wondered. "I never knew him to be late before."

She waited nearly half an hour, expecting the young man every moment, then she grew angry.

"How lucky I brought my fern case! I'll go into the woods and pretend that I never came here at all."

Saying this, she turned to enter the forest, but hearing the tramp of horses drew back, hidden by the bushes. To her surprise they stopped quite near where she was hidden; she could see the animals, but not their riders. Suddenly a woman's voice said:

"Guy, you are sure your love is lasting?"

"Of course, Elsie; I should not have spoken of it otherwise," said the rich voice Nora knew so well.

Parting the bushes, she looked through them eagerly. Yes, it was Guy! But the lovely creature by his side—who was she? Nora thought her the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. But she was speaking again. The girl moved forward a few steps in her eagerness to listen.

"How pretty the Hudson is to-day! See how calmly it flows—as if there were no such things as heartaches and disappointments."

Guy took the tiny hand that was laid on his arm.

"We will be happy yet, Elsie," he said.

As they turned the horse's head and started homeward, Nora's face was pale and set.

"How dare he?" she cried. Then she moaned brokenly. "Oh, my love, why did you take me at my word? But no—he must have known her long ago, he called her Elsie, and said they would yet be happy. He has only been trifling with me" she thought miserably, as she walked slowly homeward.

When she reached the gate she heard the sound of strange voices in the house and saw the marks of carriage wheels. Before she could slip around to the back door a young man ran down the steps holding out both hands.

"This is Cousin Nora, I am sure," said he, smiling eagerly.

Nora brightened instantly.

"You are my cousin, Laurence Norton, are you not?"

"Since you recognize me, allow me a cousin's privilege," he said; and stooping, kissed her on the cheek.

The sound of footsteps caused her to turn her head just in time to see Guy Earle pause, as if transfixed by astonishment, then turn hastily and stride away.

This little episode was not observed by Cousin Laurence, who was in the best of spirits all the evening; Nora was not so gay.

"What will Guy think of me?" she pondered. "But I am glad he saw it. And I do hope, when he hears what I heard this afternoon, that he will never, never read 'Highland Nora!' Cousin Laurie," said she, later in the evening, "don't tell any one you are my cousin while you are here; I need a cavalier to accompany me in my rambles, and beside, I want revenge on somebody."

Of course Laurence was delighted to act as her cousin's escort, and henceforth she was seldom seen without him. When they chanced to meet Guy, Nora bowed graciously, for she thought, "I can afford to be magnanimous, as I am victor." She learned from the current gossip that there was a lady and a gentleman visiting at the Hall, distant relatives, the servant said, and that the lady was very wealthy. Guy himself, Nora had not spoken to since that morning in the dairy.

In a few weeks an invitation came for Nora and her guest to attend a picnic given in honor of the young lady at the hall. The party were to go up the river about two miles in skiffs, and cross over to the opposite side. Here the woods had been cleared of underbrush, the green grass was thickly matted together, and all around the flowers and ferns grew in abundance.

When Nora and Laurence arrived, Guy and the stranger lady had gone to the spring, a short distance away, and Nora hurried Lawrence off ere they returned. He accompanied her reluctantly, for he had some curiosity concerning the man he was sure his cousin loved.

"Fern gathering seems to be a perfect mania with you, Nora," he remarked presently.

"Oh, I don't care if I never see a fern; I just do not want to meet that stranger," Nora said quickly.

"I thought we were invited expressly to meet her?"

"How rude I have been!" she exclaimed. "So we were! Let us go back."

They turned to retrace their steps and came face to face with Guy and the fair stranger. Guy introduced her to Nora as Miss Benton. Nora bowed coldly, but the lady held out her hand.

"Guy has spoken of you so often, Miss Neale, that I feel as if had always known you. I am sure we shall be the best of friends."

Nora was not so sure of that; but she could only murmur something supposed to be a polite reply.

But when her cousin was introduced Nora was greatly surprised at the glad light that flashed into his eyes, while Miss Benton's pink cheeks changed to deepest crimson. They shook hands, and Laurence turned to his cousin, saying briefly, "We have met before." Then offering Miss Benton his arm, which she accepted, they walked away, leaving Guy and Nora together.

They stood looking at each other in puzzled silence; then, as the funny side of the situation struck Nora, she burst into a merry laugh, in which Guy joined.

The laugh seemed to relieve their embarrassment.

"Nora, may I walk back to the landing place with you?" asked Guy.

"If some that you must," she said laughing. "It is a matter of necessity, not choice. I wonder where they met before!"

"No matter, since they have given me the opportunity I have been seeking for so long."

"And I," said Nora, interrupting, "want to apologize for not going boating that afternoon. I changed my mind, and went for ferns instead."

Guy looked at her in astonishment.

"Did you not go?"

Nora flushed, but said, smiling:

"Did you find me at the meeting place?"

"No," said Guy, bravely, "for I was not there. When I reached home, after leaving your house that morning, I found that Cousin Elsie and her father had arrived. She wished very much to take a ride that afternoon, and I felt in duty bound to accompany her. I took an extra horse with us as far as your house, intending to invite you to join us, but you were not at home. Since then I have sought an opportunity to apologize in vain."

A great load seemed lifted from Nora's heart.

"She is your cousin?"

"My only cousin," said Guy. "Your guest is a very handsome man," he added presently.

"You mean Cousin Laurie? Yes, he is handsome."

Guy turned like a flash, and, taking Nora's hand, exclaimed:

"What a blind, jealous fool I have been! I saw him kiss you Nora, and I thought—

"Never mind what you thought. Let us hurry; we shall be late to luncheon."

She walked off rapidly.

"Nora," said Guy, as he overtook her, "since Cousin Elsie came I have been reading Scott's poems."

She gave him a hasty glance, and sinking on a large stone—that seemed to have been placed there for the express purpose, Guy said afterward—covered her face with both hands.

Guy dropped the fern box which he had taken in charge and took those trembling hands in one of his, placing the other beneath the dimpled chin, then he lifted her face till the sweet gray eyes met his. What he saw there must have satisfied him, for he bent his head and kissed her.

"Guy!" said Nora, presently, "to-day is not the first in which I have seen your cousin."

Then she told him of the conversation she had overheard.

"You see, pet," said Guy, looking lovingly into the gray eyes, "Elsie's is a pitiful story. There name is not Benton, for she is married, but her father insists on her being called by his name. I will give you the details of her story some day; a brief outline will suffice now, as I am more deeply interested in my own," squeezing the soft hand. "Elsie went on a visit to an aunt in an adjoining State, and while there was secretly married to a poor, but worthy man. The next week she returned home, and had hardly entered the house when her father announced that he had selected a husband for her. Finding refusals useless, Elsie at last disclosed her secret. He was simply furious, and shut her in her own room till he could bring her here. He says the ceremony was illegal, and declares that Elsie must remain here until she forgets Will Norton."

At the last words Nora sprang to her feet.

"Guy, Cousin Laurie is Elsie's husband! His name is William Laurence Norton, but I always call him Laurie. And he isn't poor now; his mother's brother died last week, leaving him half a million."

"You will let me row you home, Nora?"

"And Elsie?"

"She will prefer going with her husband, of course. Uncle Ned's objection to him is removed now that he is rich." After a pause. "Do you know, sweet, after Elsie had confided her love story to me I returned the compliment. And she, God bless her! referred me to Scott's poems. Did you mean it, darling? Say you did not. Let me hear you say it, do!"

"Of course I meant it—just as that other Nora did," said saucy Nora. "Don't you remember, Guy?

"But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the earlie's son!"

—*Waverley Magazine.*

BURDETTE'S LETTER.

The Genial Humorist Brightens Life Through the Columns of the Brooklyn Eagle.

There was a young photographer who lived—I use the term advisedly—at our boarding house, but he is not there now. One morning he helped himself to fish with the uncalled for remark, "Secure the shad roe ere the substance fade," and since then he has been missing. There is no clue to the mystery of his disappearance, but a hard, cold look has been the landlady's favorite wear ever since he went away.

Advice to a Young Man.

My son, your brow is clouded; something has happened that didn't and doesn't agree with you. Were you neglected in the invitations? Didn't you get on any of the committees? Were you overlooked in the convention? Hasn't the secretary written you a personal letter asking your advice upon the campaign? Have you been coldly passed over for men of less ability? Do you feel that an intentional slight has been put upon you? Can't you see clearly that everything is going wrong because you have not been consulted? Have you been directly snubbed by inferior people? I though as much. At your time of life such things are very liable to occur. They used to happen with me, now and then. You will grow wiser as you grow older, unless you take the other chute; then you will grow more foolish, and there is only one cure for an old fool, my boy—that is, death. Ordinary death won't cure him either. "Though thou shouldest bray him in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." See how awfully dead he has to be killed! Smashing him only makes him worse.

But now, if any or all of these slights have been put upon you, listen to me, my tender Telemachus. Don't show your sores. Oh, don't show your sores. They are not pleasant things to look at, nobody wants to see them, and they will heal much more rapidly and naturally and healthfully, if you don't expose them. Keep them covered. Don't show them to anybody but your surgeon, and don't show them to him unless you have to. And, don't look at them yourself. Leave them alone under the healing plasters of time and the cool compresses of forgetfulness, and you'll be surprised, some day when you do happen to think of them, to find that they have healed by the first intention without a scar. Don't tell people when you are hurt; don't tell anybody how keenly you feel a slight when, perhaps, no slight was intended. Don't get yourself snubbed by people who never see you, and who don't know you and never think of you. And if you really are hit, and hit hard, it belittles your manhood and it drives away human sympathy when you lift up your voice and howl on the streets. Keep quiet about it. Don't whine; don't yell. One day, at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22d of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishes that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe which we inhabit and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he was holding up had no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it. He was a brave man or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would think it was the only thumb in the whole United States army and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went up and down from the sarcastic line of the men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt, but he died like a king. Oh, my boy! don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when, only three files down the lines, a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care, and there are thick skinned people, who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick hided race; in fact, the air is full of darts and arrows and singing bullets all the time, and it's dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holler" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it, the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them.

Yesterday and To-Day.

This is Easter morning; two thousand years
How loomed the cross' silhouette against the reddening sky;
Silence how awful held the world that tremblingly adored.
Triumphant over Sin, and Death, and Hell, its risen Lord.

It was strangely hushed and peaceful, that first morn of Easter day—
We better Apostolic times by keeping it our way.
With soloists from foreign schools to thrill the rippling throat,
And the band that played for "A Parlor Match," down town the night before.

That Easter they had nothing, when the earthquake thrill was gone,
And the massy stone was rolled away, and the Angel sat thereon,
While, before his face majestic, serene as mountain dome,
Like dead men dead from fear they lay, who wore the swords of Rome.

How could they sing, Salome, and the weeping Mary's train,
With never the score of an anthem, or an Easter chant's refrain?
Heart-broken women, distracted with love, and joy, and fears,
And their untrained voices broken and choked with sobs and tears?

And the rasping voice of Peter, who sang with a fisherman's bawl,
And never a cornet solo, or a quartet choir at all?
They only knew a few old Psalms with which to voice their joys,
And had no organist skilled to drown the congregation's noise.

But now—Spring robes and hothouse blooms; our choirs that sing for pay;
Florist and milliner make much of the Easter of to-day;
Fiddle and piccolo squeak in midst the organ's sobbing tones—
All the orchestra praises God save the tambourine and bones.

Do we forget that He who came in the earthquake shock and jar,
Leading captivity captive chained to His all triumphant car,
Will come in might to His own again, as He came in the centuries dim—
And woe to us, if we have defiled the Temple we build to Him.

Come with the earthquake shock that rent the tomb that Cæsar sealed;
Come with the lightning face from which the Roman sentries reeled;
Come with the mighty angel's hand that shook the sleeping world,
And into the dust the blood stained throne and the sin stained temple hurled.

Come in Thy majesty, dear Lord, come with Thy loving sway—
This holiday we give Thy name, make it our holiest day;
Teach us again the holiest gift we bring Thy love to win,
Whiter than Easter lilies, is a soul heart sick of sin.

There's Millions of 'Em.

"There is a poem," said the sweet singer, as he handed it in, "just as it fell from my pen. I wrote it in 25 minutes." "I see," said the editor, "but it will take about 25 years to get it into print." That, my son, is the trouble with a poem or a sketch that makes all its time on the first quarter. It hasn't the staying qualities essential in a long race. It either breaks down at the turn or gets shut out at the distance pole. Anybody can write a poem in 25 minutes. The trouble then is to get anyone else to read it.

A Hopeless Task.

"Now, sir," said the judge, who had been sorely tried by the stupidity of the preceding witness, "I want you to give your testimony so that the jury can form an intelligent idea of the matter, or I will commit you for contempt. The witness looked earnestly upon the jury, and then shook his head despairingly as he arose and left the box. "Send me to jail, jedge," he said, resignedly, "there's no use wastin' time here." He was excused.

This May be Greek to You.

One of Socrates' pupils one day stood up to read his essay and began, "A poor man who derived a precarious subsistence from the sales of a patent which he manufactured"—when the philospher smote him across the jowl with a bed slat, exclaiming, "Measureless liar! wilt thou make all Athens think I am conducting a school of journalism?" The pupil wept, as under the rule of the academy he was entitled to do, for the space of a brief while, and then arose to read his amended composition: "A wealthy beggar, who was pastor of a rich and fashionable church with Yale locks on the pews and pass keys for the outer door—" "That," said the philosopher, "sounds something like a composition. Now fix yourself up and show the class how you strike a cotton seed oil man for a chime of bells and a new baptistry."

A Partial Eclipse, Maybe.

"The day of tariff reform," suggests a contemporary, "has not come yet." No? H'm. Ha. Well, that's cheering news. Seemed so dark all around everywhere just now, and looked so much like evening we were afraid maybe the day had gone by. Still, as the hopeful man has said, "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." However, it gets pretty dark along after sunset, too, in some countries. Although, sometimes you can't always tell, in politics. Dark things are apt to appear mighty shady.

THE BOY'S WISE CONCLUSION.

She wuz a old maid, Aunt Sue wuz,
She never had any little boys
Er girls, like most of women does.
I guess she didn't like the noise
And bother at a baby brings.
And so God didn't send her none,
But let 'em stay and wear their wings.
I bet they have a sight of fun!
I've got a baby brother there,
And like it heaps, and, if I'm good,
I'm goin' to die and have a pair.
Some time, 'cause mamma said I would.

When Aunt Sue wuz a girl, ma said,
She had a beau, like Sister Bess.
He went to the war and come back dead,
And that's all 'at saved her, I guess,
'Cause, if he hadn't come back dead,
He would 'a come back after her;
And she'd 'a had to be his wife
And go with him jist every where!
I'd think she'd 'a been awful glad
Because he didn't come, but died,
But still of that it made her sad,
And mamma said she went and cried.

And, mamma said, a long, long while
After her beau wuz dead, Aunt Sue
Jist moped around and wouldn't smile,
Until they thought that she'd die, too,
But still of dyin' she lay,
And turned out to be an old maid;
Just 'cause the other beau wuz gone,
She wouldn't have no more, she said.
I pity Aunt Sue; but I can't
Help be glad it's me instead,
'Cause I wouldn't have a old maid aunt
If she'd a been that feller's bride.

I like Aunt Sue; her ginger cakes
Are better'n what we have at home;
They're sweeter 'n them my mamma makes,
And she most always brings me some.
And she's got lots of books and cats,
And a little dog, and she don't care
How much I play with them, and that's
Why I like so to go down there.
Old maids are nice. When I'm a man,
If I don't live a single life,
But marry some one, it's my plan
To have a old maid for my wife.

—*Andrew J. Skriggins, in Commercial Gazette.*

OUT TO SEA ON A FISH.

How They Catch Sturgeon on the Atlantic Coast.

Oftentimes a big sturgeon is caught while hunting for bass, and then the skill of the fisherman is brought to a trial, for a sturgeon weighing 150 pounds is six or seven feet long and has a body as big as a man. As soon as the sturgeon finds out that he is a prisoner he starts out for deep water. One of the most experienced fishermen is detailed to bring him in, as he cannot be hauled ashore in the usual way. Finding out in just what portion of the net the monster is located the fisherman must wade out and get along side of the fish. Then he quickly straddles the sturgeon back of a sharp dorsal fin, and at the same time grasps him around the neck with both arms, raising his head out of the water. The fish must be held in this position until the boat can be brought alongside and into the dust the blood stained throne and the sin stained temple hurled.

The contortions of man and fish are very ludicrous, and both have the appearance of trying to dance a jig in the water, but the danger is sufficient to dispel all enjoyment in the fun.

The story is told of an old colored fisherman, who once caught a sturgeon that weighed 300 pounds. The fish was too strong for one man to hold, but he had a firm grip, and rather than lose the fish, hung on until carried out half a mile into deep water. The sturgeon was then hurden were under water most of the time, but came up often enough for the man to get his wind. When the fish slowed down his speed, the darkey whipped out his clasp knife and severed its backbone. The boat was following in the wake, and quickly came to the fisherman's rescue. The fish was towed to Easter day—
We better Apostolic times by keeping it our way.
With soloists from foreign schools to thrill the rippling throat,
And the band that played for "A Parlor Match," down town the night before.

That Easter they had nothing, when the earthquake thrill was gone,
And the massy stone was rolled away, and the Angel sat thereon,
While, before his face majestic, serene as mountain dome,
Like dead men dead from fear they lay, who wore the swords of Rome.

How could they sing, Salome, and the weeping Mary's train,
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They only knew a few old Psalms with which to voice their joys,
And had no organist skilled to drown the congregation's noise.

But now—Spring robes and hothouse blooms; our choirs that sing for pay;
Florist and milliner make much of the Easter of to-day;
Fiddle and piccolo squeak in midst the organ's sobbing tones—
All the orchestra praises God save the tambourine and bones.

Do we forget that He who came in the earthquake shock and jar,
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Will come in might to His own again, as He came in the centuries dim—
And woe to us, if we have defiled the Temple we build to Him.

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A Hopeless Task.

"Now, sir," said the judge, who had been sorely tried by the stupidity of the preceding witness, "I want you to give your testimony so that the jury can form an intelligent idea of the matter, or I will commit you for contempt. The witness looked earnestly upon the jury, and then shook his head despairingly as he arose and left the box. "Send me to jail, jedge," he said, resignedly, "there's no use wastin' time here." He was excused.

This May be Greek to You.

One of Socrates' pupils one day stood up to read his essay and began, "A poor man who derived a precarious subsistence from the sales of a patent which he manufactured"—when the philospher smote him across the jowl with a bed slat, exclaiming, "Measureless liar! wilt thou make all Athens think I am conducting a school of journalism?" The pupil wept, as under the rule of the academy he was entitled to do, for the space of a brief while, and then arose to read his amended composition: "A wealthy beggar, who was pastor of a rich and fashionable church with Yale locks on the pews and pass keys for the outer door—" "That," said the philosopher, "sounds something like a composition. Now fix yourself up and show the class how you strike a cotton seed oil man for a chime of bells and a new baptistry."

A Partial Eclipse, Maybe.

"The day of tariff reform," suggests a contemporary, "has not come yet." No? H'm. Ha. Well, that's cheering news. Seemed so dark all around everywhere just now, and looked so much like evening we were afraid maybe the day had gone by. Still, as the hopeful man has said, "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." However, it gets pretty dark along after sunset, too, in some countries. Although, sometimes you can't always tell, in politics. Dark things are apt to appear mighty shady.

THE BOY'S WISE CONCLUSION.

She wuz a old maid, Aunt Sue wuz,
She never had any little boys
Er girls, like most of women does.
I guess she didn't like the noise
And bother at a baby brings.
And so God didn't send her none,
But let 'em stay and wear their wings.
I bet they have a sight of fun!
I've got a baby brother there,
And like it heaps, and, if I'm good,
I'm goin' to die and have a pair.
Some time, 'cause mamma said I would.

When Aunt Sue wuz a girl, ma said,
She had a beau, like Sister Bess.
He went to the war and come back dead,
And that's all 'at saved her, I guess,
'Cause, if he hadn't come back dead,
He would 'a come back after her;
And she'd 'a had to be his wife
And go with him jist every where!
I'd think she'd 'a been awful glad
Because he didn't come, but died,
But still of that it made her sad,
And mamma said she went and cried.

And, mamma said, a long, long while
After her beau wuz dead, Aunt Sue
Jist moped around and wouldn't smile,
Until they thought that she'd die, too,
But still of dyin' she lay,
And turned out to be an old maid;
Just 'cause the other beau wuz gone,
She wouldn't have no more, she said.
I pity Aunt Sue; but I can't
Help be glad it's me instead,
'Cause I wouldn't have a old maid aunt
If she'd a been that feller's bride.

I like Aunt Sue; her ginger cakes
Are better'n what we have at home;
They're sweeter 'n them my mamma makes,
And she most always brings me some.
And she's got lots of books and cats,
And a little dog, and she don't care
How much I play with them, and that's
Why I like so to go down there.
Old maids are nice. When I'm a man,
If I don't live a single life,
But marry some one, it's my plan
To have a old maid for my wife.

—*Andrew J. Skriggins, in Commercial Gazette.*

OUT TO SEA ON A FISH.

How They Catch Sturgeon on the Atlantic Coast.

Oftentimes a big sturgeon is caught while hunting for bass, and then the skill of the fisherman is brought to a trial, for a sturgeon weighing 150 pounds is six or seven feet long and has a body as big as a man. As soon as the sturgeon finds out that he is a prisoner he starts out for deep water. One of the most experienced fishermen is detailed to bring him in, as he cannot be hauled ashore in the usual way. Finding out in just what portion of the net the monster is located the fisherman must wade out and get along side of the fish. Then he quickly straddles the sturgeon back of a sharp dorsal fin, and at the same time grasps him around the neck with both arms, raising his head out of the water. The fish must be held in this position until the boat can be brought alongside and into the dust the blood stained throne and the sin stained temple hurled.

The contortions of man and fish are very ludicrous, and both have the appearance of trying to dance a jig in the water, but the danger is sufficient to dispel all enjoyment in the fun.

The story is told of an old colored fisherman, who once caught a sturgeon that weighed 300 pounds. The fish was too strong for one man to hold, but he had a firm grip, and rather than lose the fish, hung on until carried out half a mile into deep water. The sturgeon was then hurden were under water most of the time, but came up often enough for the man to get his wind. When the fish slowed down his speed, the darkey whipped out his clasp knife and severed its backbone. The boat was following in the wake, and quickly came to the fisherman's rescue. The fish was towed to

Yesterday and To-Day.

This is Easter morning; two thousand years
How loomed the cross' silhouette against the reddening sky;
Silence how awful held the world that trembled lingly adored.
Triumphant over Sin, and Death, and Hell, its risen Lord.

It was strangely hushed and peaceful, that first morn of Easter day—
We better Apostolic times by keeping it our way.
With soloists from foreign schools to thrill the rippling throat,
And the band that played for "A Parlor Match," down town the night before.

That Easter they had nothing, when the earthquake thrill was gone,
And the massy stone was rolled away, and the Angel sat thereon,
While, before his face majestic, serene as mountain dome,
Like dead men dead from fear they lay, who wore the swords of Rome.

How could they sing, Salome, and the weeping Mary's train,
With never the score of an anthem, or an Easter chant's refrain?
Heart-broken women, distracted with love, and joy, and fears,
And their untrained voices broken and choked with sobs and tears?

And the rasping voice of Peter, who sang with a fisherman's bawl,
And never a cornet solo, or a quartet choir at all?
They only knew a few old Psalms with which to voice their joys,
And had no organist skilled to drown the congregation's noise.

But now—Spring robes and hothouse blooms; our choirs that sing for pay;
Florist and milliner make much of the Easter of to-day;
Fiddle and piccolo squeak in midst the organ's sobbing tones—
All the orchestra praises God save the tambourine and bones.

Do we forget that He who came in the earthquake shock and jar,
Leading captivity captive chained to His all triumphant car,
Will come in might to His own again, as He came in the centuries dim—
And woe to us, if we have defiled the Temple we build to Him.

Come with the earthquake shock that rent the tomb that Cæsar sealed;
Come with the lightning face from which the Roman sentries reeled;
Come with the mighty angel's hand that shook the sleeping world,
And into the dust the blood stained throne and the sin stained temple hurled.

Come in Thy majesty, dear Lord, come with Thy loving sway—
This holiday we give Thy name, make it our holiest day;
Teach us again the holiest gift we bring Thy love to win,
Whiter than Easter lilies, is a soul heart sick of sin.

There's Millions of 'Em.

"There is a poem," said the sweet singer, as he handed it in, "just as it fell from my pen. I wrote it in 25 minutes." "I see," said the editor, "but it will take about 25 years to get it into print." That, my son, is the trouble with a poem or a sketch that makes all its time on the first quarter. It hasn't the staying qualities essential in a long race. It either breaks down at the

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

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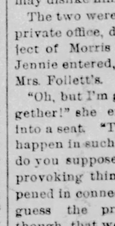
CHAPTER XXVI.

IS HUMAN TESTIMONY CREDIBLE?



BUT though Frank Danforth had hastily determined to devote the day to a effort to induce Morris to acknowledge that he had in his possession the money he found in the old cemetery, and to pay it over to Anna Pearce, he was much perplexed as to the best course to pursue to accomplish that desired end. If he should charge Morris with the fact, the latter would undoubtedly deny it point-blank; to produce the only existing proof, now that fire had destroyed the documentary evidence, would be to bring Jennie forward in a most unenviable light. Morris, he knew, would be shrewd enough to understand at once, that, as Jennie's lover, he would not push matters to the extent of invoking the power of the law, as this would bring that impulsive young lady into very unpleasant notoriety, or perhaps involve more serious consequences.

After considerable meditation, Frank determined to consult Harry Follett in the matter. He was of course ignorant that Harry knew of the duplicate will. The destruction of this document had, of course, forever quieted the title to the Wilson estate. Mr. Hargreave had no more interest in the matter. In fact, when Frank had gone to him the first thing in the morning to inform him of the burning of Morris's papers and effects, Uncle John had, with characteristic promptitude, declared that he had no further interest in Morris or his doings, and handed Frank a fat check for his services in the matter. Anna Pearce was Harry's cousin, and it was eminently proper that he should take up her cause and endeavor to have justice done.

But here an obstacle met him in Harry's sudden departure for Columbus. When Frank went to the office to consult Follett, he found there a hurried note informing him of his departure, and requesting him to attend to one or two slight minor matters.

These having been attended to, Frank bent his steps to Dr. Andrews's, with the intention of discussing the advisability of an immediate attempt to see Morris, and bring him to a proper frame of mind to do justice to Anna Pearce. The doctor, however, reported Morris, whom he had just visited professionally, to be very feverish and excited, and utterly unfit to discuss so important a subject.

"It might prove dangerous, Frank," he concluded, with emphasis, "and we do not want to imperil his life, however much we may dislike him personally."

The two were still sitting in the doctor's private office, discussing the whole subject of Morris and his misdeeds, when Jennie entered, having just returned from Mrs. Follett's.

"Oh, but I'm glad to find you both together!" she exclaimed, as she dropped into a seat. "To think that things should happen in such a perplexing way! What do you suppose has happened? Of all the provoking things that could have happened in connection with Mr. Morris, please guess the provokingest! Remember, though, that we three are all conspirators—whatever is told within our secret councils must not be mentioned outside!"

"The most provoking thing I know in connection with the gentleman," returned Frank, "is his illness. Your father, as his physician, forbids my approaching him on the subject until he gets better."

"Is he really ill, papa?"

"He is. You know I told Mrs. Follett that he must be kept perfectly quiet, on account of the fever."

"No wonder he has fever, papa! Anna Pearce has run away!"

"Ran away? What do you mean?"

Jennie briefly put the two in possession of all the facts regarding Anna's flight. Frank now understood Follett's hasty departure, and began speculating upon the chances of his speedy return. "How soon will Morris be able to talk business?" he inquired of the doctor.

"That is a matter of doubt, Frank," returned the physician. "I attributed his fever this morning to the worry occasioned by the knowledge of the destruction of his papers; now I see that the flight of that poor little Anna Pearce, and his angry altercation with Follett, are chiefly to blame. If Follett finds the girl, and brings her back with him, you will probably be able to talk business with him to-morrow evening or the next morning. If she is not found, it may be longer. Still, Morris is a remarkably self-poised man, cool, calculating, and not easily agitated. I can say pretty safely that you will be able to discuss the matter with him inside of forty-eight hours."

Jennie returned to remain with Mrs. Follett, at the latter's earnest request, until Harry's return the next day. The doctor started out on a round of professional calls, and as he and the young man parted he said:

"Frank, as Jennie will be at Follett's, I fancy you will have an idle hour or two on your hands this evening. Your minister is coming up to discuss some theological points with me, and I shall be glad if you will drop in and make the third. I believe you are interested in the case of theology vs. agnosticism, are you not?"

"I am, indeed. By the way, doctor—excuse the question, but which side do you take?"

"Frank," said the doctor, laying his hand impressively on Frank's arm, "I stand as a neutral. I hope I am a Christian; I try to live up to my ideas of the requirements of that faith, as I understand them. My scientific researches and range of reading show me that there exist what are at present irreconcilable points between the two. I do not believe, however, that this is because one is false and the other true; but that the irreconcilability is apparent only, and not real. What science proves, I must accept—I will accept, and that gladly; but we are but primary students in her school. We hardly know her alphabet as yet, and must wait till we have advanced much further before we attempt to array her truths against revelation.—But my minister will be here talking. Come around to-night, and we will have a general discussion of the matter."

Frank had a busy day of it, and it was late when he reached Dr. Andrews's office. He found Mr. Radcliffe already there, engaged in conversation with the doctor. Both greeted the young man warmly.

"Well, what particular portion of the subject are you two discussing?" asked Frank as he seated himself.

"The credibility of tradition," responded the min

Recent Literature.

NEW AND ENTERTAINING BOOKS.

Chopin and Other Musical Essays—The Pretty Sister of Jose—Alan Thorne—Bohemian Days—A Treatise on Loan Associations—The Playtime Naturalist—May Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Chopin and Other Musical Essays," by Henry T. Finck, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The leading essay, as may be divined by the title, is devoted to Chopin, to whom Mr. Finck gives the palm of excellence in piano forte music. The melancholy characteristics of his style the writer attributes to inheritance partially of a sad temperament, and to the anguish of not being appreciated by his contemporaries. He was, besides, three times disappointed in affairs of the heart, enough one would think, to cause melancholy in any man.

The next paper is entitled "How Composers Work," in which Schumann is considered. Like Chopin, he failed to gain the appreciation of his contemporaries, and his one opera was a failure, but later years have done him more justice. There is also a biographical sketch of his life.

Following this is a discussion of "Music and Morals," the conclusion of which is that the former is an excellent thing for the latter. In the fifth essay a comparison is instituted between the Italian and German vocal styles, very much to the advantage of the latter, and Mr. Finck is a pronounced Germanite. The final paper is devoted to a full discussion of German opera in New York, in the course of which the opinion is expressed that Italian opera has gone forever and will never be revived, chiefly because the frivolous school of Italian opera will no longer satisfy those who have been inspired by Wagner's ponderous music-dramas.

Mr. Finck's style is vigorous, and he has pronounced opinions of what he writes about. These are expressed in an alert way without verbinge, going straight to the point in every particular which he touches. The book must challenge the interest of every musician, and everybody who appreciates vigorous writing will find it readable.

"The Pretty Sister of Jose" is a story from the facile pen of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. This is a new field into which she entered, one with a Spanish environment, but she seems at home here as elsewhere. She has never sketched a more picturesque and striking character than Pepita, the pretty sister, by courtesy, of the no less cleverly accented Jose. And then the gallant Sabastiano, king of bull fighters and therefore idol of the people, is a figure with a free hand. His portrait stands out upon the canvas true to life and glowing with romantic tints. Of course it is a love episode, in which the coquettish Pepita, who has scorned all other lovers, also scorns the hitherto irresistible Sebastiano, at whose feet half the women of Madrid have worshiped. It is a new sensation for the handsome athlete to find that his magnificence is wasted on a simple country girl, but her indifference only aids ardor to his pursuit; but still she gives no sign until the gallant fellow, who might have been in better business, is wounded almost to death by an infuriated bull. Then the proud little heart melts and a pretty denouement swiftly follows. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Alan Thorne," by Martha Livingston Moodey, is a novel written with a purpose, that of defending the old orthodox faith from the attack recently levelled at it by other writers. The plot is briefly this: Robert Thorné, embittered by the loss of his wife, turns atheist. Resolving to spare his son Alan the pains of pious superstition he guards from all religious influences. Alan is a grave and priggish boy intellectualized by disease. Through the aid of a Bible and some internal processes he reaches orthodox belief. He then converts the unbelievers about him with great ease. The story is not great in any sense. The author writes well but her purpose is made so apparent that her weapons are not effective. It is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

"A History of French Literature," by Charles Woodward Huston, is published by John B. Alden, New York. It is short, clear, comprehensive, well arranged, extended from its beginning to the present time; the interest is enhanced by the personality with which the author invests the individual writers, and by the well chosen quotations (translated) with which he sustains his own opinions. It is well adapted to interest those who are well informed in French literature, as well as those who are making a first acquaintance with it. The only work in the English language with which it can be compared is Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature," which is even less extended, and costs about three times the price of this.

Another book from the same publisher, Mr. Alden, is "Bohemian Days," by Clara Mays Todlock. It is a lively and entertaining story of travels all around the world, starting out from New York and reaching Europe, extending their footsteps wherever wandering fancy led. It has an entirely different asmosphere from most books of this kind, being written in a conversational way, by which descriptions and incidents are given, that are very realistic. The book is nicely illustrated and is well gotten up in all respects.

Seymour Dexter is the author of "A Treatise on Co-operative Savings and Loan Associations" which is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The work gives an insight into the workings of these associations which is a form of direct co-operation among men of limited means. They began in Philadelphia and have now spread all over the country, but the trouble is that the methods of management are diverse and sometimes faulty. It is the object of this book to give reliable information as to this form of co-operation, to explain the principles upon which the typical association is founded, and to describe important variations from the typical association now in operation; to furnish a comple guide for organization and conduct; to correct false notions in regard to premiums, and to print the best statutes in the country, for the authorizing of their formation. The work is a good one.

From the Appletons comes also "The Playtime Naturalist," by Dr. J. E. Taylor, which opens with the formation of a natural history society among the boys in a certain school, for the purpose of studying in a methodical way this most interesting science. The advancement made is described in a bright way, which cannot fail to prove attractive to the young. The object of the author was to interest boys and girls in this study, and he has certainly written something which ought to have success. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, publish "The Apostle of Burma," which is a missionary epic to commemorate the centennial of the birth of Adoniram Judson, written by William C. Richards. The author says that the name of Judson is a household word throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, and that the poem was written because it seemed fitting that he should be enshrined in every way possible in the memory of the world. It will be read with pleasure.

Literary Notes.

The Matthew Arnold Memorial fund has reached the sum of $35,000.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel is to be, it is said, a frankly human piece of fiction. She is finishing the MS. in Italy.

The title of Mark Twain's new book, now in preparation, will be "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

When applied to for his autograph, Carlyle once forwarded a card with the single word "Don't," followed by his name and address.

Tennyson is recovering. He is stronger than he has been for a long time, and is gaining flesh rapidly.

The latest issue in Cassell's Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction is "Times' Scythe," by Jane Valentine.

General Gordon's library has just been presented to the free library of Southampton, England, by the general's sister, Miss Gordon.

In the May number of the *Cosmopolitan* will be printed a paper on the Paris Conservatoire, containing portraits of Massenet, Ambroise Thomas, Got, Delaunay and Worms.

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for publication some hitherto unpublished journals of her great grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Miss M. F. Cusack, widely known as "The Nun of Kenmare," is living in Washington Square, New York City, devoting herself almost entirely to literary work.

Laurence Oliphant's biography is in preparation by his widow, who will incorporate in it an extended notice of the dead author's first wife and the influence she exerted in turning his attention to the subject of scientific religion.

It is not generally known that Lincoln prepared an address to the American people in 1864, which address was suppressed by him, and has never been seen by the public. It was a constitutional argument on the subject of the draft. It will be printed for the first time in the May *Century* from Mr. Lincoln's manuscript.

Certain of our readers will mark it as an interesting literary note that Brentano Bros. offer this week handsome flexible playing cards, with "rough backs." They, while finely finished, do not stick like ordinary cards, as an air space is left between the cards. There is little danger of misdeals.

"Where Darwinism Fails" is the title of an article in the May Forum by Prof. St. George Mivart. He argues that Darwinism is an untenable theory, because it has fatal freaks, such as the conception of an undesigned universe, and the exclusive possession by man of moral perception and language.

Mr. Edward W. Emerson has written a book upon the private and domestic life of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, that supplements Mr. Cabot's biography of Emerson, which treated more especially of his public career as author and lecturer. The title of the book is "Emerson in Concord." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon bring it out.

Cassell & Co. will publish early in the summer a collection of the amusing experiences of Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist. The have just published a novel with the extraordinary title of "Rented: a Husband." How a woman could rent a husband, of whom she could rent him, or what she would want to rent him for are questions that will at once present themselves, and they are answered to the entire satisfaction of the reader.

FLYING UNDER WATER.

Small Birds Who Stay Under Water and Enjoy It.

One of the most water-loving birds is a dainty little youngster belonging to the thrush family, and popularly known as the water-ousel or dipper. This pretty little bird is found in most parts of the world, and likes best the neighborhood of those merry mountain streams which rush bolsterously on to their fate, now leaping headlong over some high rock, now swirling in some deep pool, and now eddying, dancing, splashing down a steep incline. Water-fall, pool and eddying stream are alike to the water-ousel, which will dash onto one or the other with the same ready confidence as the ordinary bird into the air.

In winter, when its watery home is frozen over, it will seek other and milder parts, unless it can be sure of finding holes in the ice, in which case it will not hesitate to remain at home, for it will plunge through a hole into the icy water with no care at all for temperature, and having made its venture successful by the capture of a small fish, will return to the air once more.

So fond is it of the water that it will build its nest as near to it as possible, and one instance is recorded of a pair which actually built behind a water-fall, taking advantage of the space made by the shoot of the water over the top of the rock.

Although the ousel uses its feet while swimming, its progress is chiefly due to the wings, which are moved exactly as if flying in the air. The wings are admirably adapted to this use, being almost as broad as long, and of comparatively great power. The tail is very short, and the body is covered with soft thick down, which, as in the true aquatic birds, affords an impervious shield against the water.

Like all other birds which either casually or habitually take to the water, the ousel seems to regard that element as its safest retreat in time of danger. Even the little birds which have never before ventured from the nest, and which are quite unable to fly, have been known, when alarmed during the absence of the parents, to rush pell-mell to the nearest water, and with extraordinary facility to run along the bed of the stream many yards before seeking the air. Allowing everything to the overpowering force of instinct, there still remains something to wonder at in the feeling of confidence which can inspire the fledgelings to take so anxiously to the water.—*John H. Coryell in Harper's Magazine for April.*

WARNER'S Safe Cure cures nervousness, insomnia, hysteria and neuralgia. Why? Because these are symptoms of an impure condition of the blood, caused by unhealthy kidney action. The poisonous urea and uric acid being retained in the blood cause the symptoms of kidney disease first noted.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Late comers are glove buttoners in the form of gold initials.

Imitation antique silverware is the latest fad for the breakfast table.

Small doves in gold and variegated enamel are being worn as ear-rings.

Now glove-buttoners have attached to them cute little blue enamel handled knives.

Handsome cuff-buttons now being sported are of platina and gold bars twisted in knotty shapes.

A favorite style at present in gents' sleeve buttons is a hammered gold set with a diamond in the center.

A scarf-pin oddity is a small candlestick containing an enamel candle, a diamond supplying the flame.

A fashion affected by some of the fair sex lately is to wear a sapphire in one ear and a ruby in the other, en solitaire.

Among the quaint fancies that decorate scarf pins is a coiled silver serpent, a fiery ruby reposing in the center of the coil.

Colored diamonds combined with perfect white ones is a fancy exceedingly indulged in once more by high priced purchasers.

Recently introduced silver flasks are dented at intervals to give them an antique appearance. A network of wire acts as a covering.

Now the silversmiths are utilizing the horseshoe and clover-leaf pattern as a garter clasp, engraved with the inscription: Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Extremely tasty and unique is a lace-pin composed of hazel branch, the nuts being represented by bright yellow diamonds, and the leaves and stems in tiny rubies.

A pleasing queen chain pendant and an entirely new one is formed of three miniature tree stumps in bright gold tied around with two strands of gold wire rope.

Some very handsome imported Easter eggs just arrived are of the finest porcelain, hand painted, with scriptural characters, and suspended by two satin bands attached to the sides.

One of the most artistic and rich-looking brooches recently designed is a rosebud on a flexible stem, on which are two green gold leaves, one set with rubies and the other with brilliants. The bud incloses a tiny watch rimmed with diamonds.

Sewing on Buttons.

"When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along," said a lady as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process.

"Then before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your thread will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole."

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure your's won't if you use my method of sewing."—*Youth's Companion.*

This Helps Some.

The extraction of a tooth may be rendered painless by spraying the neighborhood of the external ear with ether. The anæsthesia of the trigeminus so produced extends to the dental nerves, and thus renders the production of general anæsthesia needless.—*Medical Record.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

WONDERS OF THE SUN

THE SOLAR PHENOMENA OF 1888.

The Results of Recent Investigations into Our Source of Light and Heat—Gigantic Convulsions That Shake the Solar Body—A Struggle Between the Forces of Light and Life and Others Tending to Extinguishment—A Study Full of Awe and Splendor.

Some highly interesting facts can be extracted from the statistics of solar phenomena in 1888 which are now making their appearance in various scientific periodicals. If any one who has an astronomer among his friends had been invited to look at the sun with a telescope in 1852, 1883 and 1884, and should look at it with the same instrument again to-day, he would be surprised at the change in its aspect. Then hardly a day passed on which the face of the sun might not be seen splashed with spots, which not infrequently attained enormous dimensions, being many thousands of miles across and surrounded by vast areas of disturbance, over which the solar surface was broken and heaped up into those shifting mountains of fire that are called faculæ. Now we would look in vain for any such display. Except at rare intervals the great orb of day looks as smooth as a mirror. Faculæ are visible under favorable circumstances, but by no means as extensive as those of half a dozen years ago, and the observer may watch for a week without perceiving a dark spot anywhere. Such spots as make their appearance are invariably inconspicuous and exhibit no evidence of extensive and violent disturbance.

The change simply means that a few years ago one of the regular maximum periods of sun spots, which occur at average intervals of eleven years, was attained, and that now the succeeding minimum has arrived. There is something overwhelmingly impressive in the display of physical forces on a scene of such magnitude as these variations in the condition of the sun suggest. The destruction of our globe, which is the most stupendous event that the mind is wont to conceive, would be a phenomenon of no great moment in comparison with the tremendous mutations going on in the sun. Yet ordinarily we become aware of these solar activities only by watching their effects with the telescope. And what we see are simply surface phenomena. The imagination alone can penetrate into the terrible center of the solar globe and behold the struggle of imprisoned elements, whose atoms, whelmed and ground together at the axle of the solar system, are yet forced asunder by the mad vibrations of a degree of heat that would dissipate the solid earth in a whiff of vapor. There are all the substances of which the earth is made, sufficient in quantity to form hundreds of thousands of such globes as ours, jumbled in a wonderful mass. Shall it be successful through the fury of heat and viscid through the giant grip of gravitation, which there, at its seat and center, contends for the mastery with molecular forces that, roused to fiercer energy by its oppression, baffle and confound its utmost efforts. How should we recognize that noble metal, iron, in the sun, reduced from all its pride of strength to vapor, and, perhaps, with its molecules rent asunder!

Yet confusing as is the picture which one gets of the war forces and the chaos of matter in the sun, recent observations have made it clear that there is a certain fundamental organization there, running into details that are highly suggestive, though difficult of interpretation. In the first place, the periodicity of the sun spot phenomena is in itself an evidence that the solar globe possesses a systematic structure, going much further than the simple surface division into photosphere and chromosphere. The mere fact of its rotation must, of course, produce some shaping effect upon it, but the sun spots exhibit appearances not accounted for by any result from rotation.

For instance, whenever a minimum sun spot period has passed, and the spots are beginning to appear again they start in comparatively high latitudes, and then, as the maximum approaches the belts on either side of the equator in which the spots make their appearance, seem to draw slowly together, approaching the nearer to south, while the spots as they break out assume greater dimensions and exhibit more violent activity. At last, the maximum being passed, they begin to diminish both in number and in size, but the spot belts still approach the equator, and the few small spots that are seen during a minimum usually lie within a few degrees of that line. If, sometimes occurs during a minimum, a sudden outbreak of spots takes place, the region of disturbance appears to be immediately thrown back from the equator several degrees. These phenomena were observed during 1888, and will probably be seen frequently this year; but the recent appearance of one or more spots in high latitudes conveyes a hint that the minimum may soon pass, and the oncoming of a new maximum become evident.

Still more suggestive of some curious structural peculiarity in the sun is the tendency, which has been clearly shown in recent years, for spots to prefer not only one solar hemisphere, but in some cases particular longitudes. In November, 1882, a tremendous outbreak occurred in the southern hemisphere of the sun. A spot that could easily be seen without any optical aid except a smoked glass broke out, opening an enormous ragged hole in the photosphere, and presenting a spectacle that, with its rapid changes, was at once the delight and the despair of those who watched it with telescopes and tried to draw a picture of its marvelous shapes. Simultaneously with its greatest displays of energy, violent magnetic disturbances affected telegraphic wires and magnetic needles in various parts of the earth, and splendid auroral streamers and curtains illuminated the heavens at night. After the conclusion of this great solar outburst the sun spots began to manifest a tendency to appear in larger numbers in the southern than in the northern hemisphere of the sun. This tendency became more marked with the lapse of time, and it has survived the passing of the maximum and was still clearly manifest during last year's observations. It should be added that previous to the appearance of the great November spot in 1882 the spots had been about equally distributed in both hemispheres, and a year or two earlier the northern spots had been more numerous than the southern ones.

In the meantime every intelligent mind must observe with awe the evidence which the gigantic convulsions that shake the solar body present to our senses of the struggle that is going on there between those forces that make the sun an orb of light and life for the earth and others that are tending to its extinguishment. Unless modern science has gone far astray what we behold in the sun is a reproduction, on an almost infinitely grander scale, of that which is merely hinted at in the Biblical history of the earth's creation, when out of matter that was "without form and void" the foundations of the globe we tread were established. The fires of the sun, too, will in the fullness of time be covered with darkness, and then, while the ancient dwelling-place of the race of Adam fades into lifeless gloom, watchful eyes in some of the distant places of creation may note that a star is missing from the sky.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes an Invigorating Drink
with water and sugar only. Delicious.

Baby-Kissing Prohibited.

One of Mrs. Harrison's reforms is in regard to baby-kissing. She will not allow anyone to kiss the White House babies. Benjamin, Marthena and Mary are an unkissed trio, and they have their grandmother to bless for it. Benjamin has been trained. When a caller rushes to him with a gurgling "I'm doin' to put a kiss right on oor itty mhuf," Master Benjamin rushes to the nearest lap and buries his "itty mouf." When he thinks the danger is over he looks around at grandmamma, who, quite on the sly, smiles approval at her grandson's breach of manners. If anyone snatches a kiss from his fat little wrist he brushes it off with baby disdain and looks with a pout to this same grandmother, who has not yet made him distinguish between a kiss on the mouth and one on the hand.

S. JACOBS OIL
FOR WATERMEN.
The Renowned Swimmer, Paul Radt, writes: "I don't see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil."
For Seamen, Yachtmen, Boatmen, &c.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE HORRORS OF IT.
[Puck.]

THE HAPPY BRIDE—Why, Mamma, what *are* you crying for? Everything is *so* lovely, and everybody's been *so* good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear!

THE WISE MAMMA—It's the presents I'm thinking of! Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls have sent you the most horribly expensive things—and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charles will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsomer still! Presents! O Augelina! why didn't you elope?

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Little Girl Fed Through a Tube Inserted in the Abdomen.

A remarkable case has been brought before the medical profession of Louisville, Ky. The patient, Kate Kendall, eight years of age, has not swallowed a mouthful of food for over eight months, yet she is alive and doing well. Early last August the child swallowed a large dose of concentrated lye, and in a few days she was unable to retain anything in her stomach. her throat grew smaller, and she found it very hard work to breathe.

Her physicians gave her the customary antidotes for lye, but they failed of effect, and the child grew worse. She was now unable to swallow even water or milk, and the indications were that she would starve to death through an inability to force sufficient nourishment into her stomach. The entrance to that organ was completely closed, and when in November the physicians in the case endeavored to open the passage they were unable to force even their most delicately pointed instruments through. For weeks every breath the child drew was expected to be her last, and she grew so thin that she was literally nothing but skin and bones.

At last it was decided to attempt as a dernier resort one of the most delicate operations known, and possibly the only one which could even prolong, if not save, the child's life.

Chloroforming the child, the physicians made an incision through the abdominal wall, to the left of and above the naval, and then drew down a loop, including the stomach proper to view. They then drew that organ as far to the exterior of its cavity as possible, and a small incision by the means of silken cords was made, after which the stomach was returned to its resting place. When it had about healed from the incision made through it a small bit of rubber tubing twenty-four inches in length and one-eighth of an inch in diameter was inserted, and all of the incision save just enough to admit of the passage of the tubing, closed by delicate stitches. The child was then allowed to recover from the effect of the anæsthetic, and in a few hours some tepid milk was forced through the tubing into the stomach. Almost immediately the physicians observed a change for the better, and the child was permitted to take all the rich milk she desired. She would take a mouthful and, placing the tube in her mouth, would force the milk into her stomach. Bread and meat were cut up for her, soaked in milk, placed in a piece of cheese cloth, and she would suck its nutritive juice from the mouthful, which would be forced into her stomach, as was the milk.

In this way, since the operation, she has nourished herself so that she has not only increased in weight from 21 pounds to 43 pounds, but she goes to the Madison street school daily, and to all appearances is as healthy as the average child. Her mother is so glowing about the little one's rescue rubber tube constantly, one end around her neck and the other through the hole in her abdomen into the stomach, and for one in her condition is happy.

Actions Speak Louder than Words.

Anything that serves to recall a maxim, works reciprocally; the maxim is all the more a maxim and the thing itself receives that much endorsement. Now, for more than purposes of illustration we get as close to the above as is possible.

Our purpose is to impress you with the value of Compound Oxygen, and naturally, after what we have just said our manner of procedure must be that of patients in the past and present, are our endorsements.

Here you have it; and concerning the following we may quote. "For they themselves have said it."

WILLISTON, S. C., March 20, 1888.

"I am pleased to report a continued improvement both in myself and wife. May you live long to bless suffering humanity with your Compound Oxygen."

REV. W. W. GRAHAM.

GASTONIA, GASTON CO., N. C., May 25, 1888.

"I sincerely believe that had it not been for the Compound Oxygen, I would have been in my grave before this time."

W. D. HANNA.

REISTERTOWN, MD., Feb. 29, 1888.

"Two doctors of Baltimore examined me and said mine was a hopeless case of asthma. Now almost two years after using only one treatment I think I can truthfully say my health is as perfect as it can be on earth."

MRS. MARY E. IRELAND.

PORTAGE, WIS., Jan. 30, 1888.

"My wife has been taking your Compound Oxygen for over two years for consumption and has derived much benefit from its use. In fact, I think she would have died long ago but for it."

H. D. JAMES.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

ODD KINDS OF LEATHER.

Kangaroos', Porpoises', Monkeys', Snakes', Alligators', and Horses' Tanned Hides.

It has been demonstrated that all sorts of skins may be tanned. Beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles have been alike brought to the tan yard and the prices of their skins are regularly quoted in the price current of the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*. Alligator skins have long been a favorite material for the manufacture of pocket-books and satchels. The high price which the first product commanded soon induced manufacturers to produce imitations. These are merely embossed leather. The peculiar scaly nature of the alligator's hide is successfully imitated by means of steel dies, which leave a durable impression upon the leather so perfect a resemblance to the genuine alligator skin that only experts can tell the difference. The same process is used to imitate other fancy skins, so that there is no novelty that is not imitated within three months of its first appearance. The alligator skins were first put on the market in 1876.

Kangaroo skins have only been in the market about three years. The skin of the porpoise has lately been used for shoes, and is well considered, because of its fine grain, making it waterproof. It resembles a goat skin. The skin of the seal has also been made into leather, and sells for about $10 a dozen skins.

One of the latest novelties is rattlesnake leather, which is used chiefly for making pocketbooks. The mottled appearance of the finished skin makes a pretty leather, and it is rather fashionable. The imitation skins, made of embossed sheepskin, are already on the market. The skin of the monkey has also been tanned and used for making pocketbooks. Bear skins have long been used with the hair on for caps and coats, and the hides have also been used for leather. Of course these novelties are not made in large quantities, and are mostly used for fancy trade. During the past few years the hides of horses have been successfully tanned and put upon the market as a standard article of leather.

American kid is now taking a prominent place in the leather market, and is even preferred to French kid by many manufacturers, who find it quite as soft, pliable and durable, and much cheaper. It is declared that American kid at 25 cents a foot is equal to French kid at 40 cents. Pig skins are yet in demand for saddles.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

WOMEN WITH MANY HUSBANDS.

The Practice of Polyandry as it is Found Among Tribes in Central Africa.

Many polyandrous as well as polygamous communities exist in Africa, but although much has been written of natives who have a plurality of wives, little has been said of women who have several husbands apiece. It is only recently, in fact, that much has been learned of this peculiar phase of African life. The reason is that the tribes which practice polyandry are for the most part those that are preyed upon by stronger peoples, and so they bury themselves away from the caravan routes in the depths of forests, and have therefore been less frequently met by explorers than other natives.

It does not seem so very strange after all that the practice of polyandry, almost forced upon some unfortunate people by remarkable circumstances, has become an established custom. This is the way it usually originates. Some little tribe, attacked by enemies or slave stealers, loses a half, and sometimes nearly all, of its women, who, the favorite spoils of war or the slave chase, are dragged away into captivity. The tribe has no relation with its neighbors that enable it soon to restore the due proportion of the sexes, and, as a result, the women who are left to them become the property of all the men. The custom thus originating in violence, becomes in time one of the tribal institutions.

The numerous tribes that practice polyandry are almost invariably agricultural and unwarlike communities. It is remarkable how well women seem to be regarded as prais worthy. It surprises a man many native Africans who visit these villages and find there that only those women who are free to all men are regarded as worthy of respect. The woman who, through choice or restraint, has only a single male companion, is looked upon as a reprehensible person, a fit subject for the ridicule of all men and the children in these villages are taught to call every man father and every woman mother, and as the little ones are regarded as common property, it is sometimes difficult after a few years to tell even who their mothers are. The statement of some dictionaries that "polyandry is legalized only in Tibet," seems to be far from the fact.

These communities are scattered all around Central Africa. They are found on both sides of Lake Tanganyika, and are particularly common in the regions west of the big lakes that have been partly desolated by Arab slave dealers. They have been described only by recent travelers in Central Africa, and the latest account of them is given in the writings of Communicate with Gen. Baird, who was in command of a division of infantry about a mile distant, and inform him that we had taken the town of Tunnel Hill. This I did, and started to return when Lieut. Winters, of my regiment, who was then doing duty as a staff officer upon the staff of some general, rode up and called to me, asked where I was going. Concurring in my success, and that I was going to return to Col. Harrison's headquarters, he said he would accompany me. I was much pleased to have him go with me. We exchanged accounts of incidents of the day until we arrived at the town, which seemed totally deserted. We couldn't see any of our men, neither could we see any rebels. We could see a large fort about 600 yards to the south, flanked upon either side by heavy rifle pits, but no one seemed to inhabit either fort or rifle pits. Finally, while we were discussing the situation, a lady came out of a house near by and we asked her which way the federals had gone. She

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Stanley and Emin Bey.

W. W. C., Chariton, Iowa: Here is a brief statement concerning Emin Bey and Stanley: In 1878, Gen. Gordon appointed Dr. Schnitzler, who was in the Turkish service, where his title was "Emin Bey," to be governor of the equatorial province of Africa. Emin took possession of his new post in the same year, and there was only little heard from him during the following years. In 1882 he went to Khartoum, trying to establish friendly relations between the Egyptian authorities and the Mahdi. The Egyptian government, however, seems not to have cared for such relations to exist, and Emin was simply told to come back to Egypt. He, of course, followed the orders given to him, and, no doubt, under the impression that he would be supplied by the government with the necessaries to keep his expedition going. However, this was not the case, and Emin soon found himself entirely abandoned by those in whose behalf he had submitted to fill a dangerous and difficult position. The only person hearing from Emin during the following years was Dr. Robert Felkin, in Edinburg. Emin's last letter to this gentleman was dated July, 1886, from Wandelai.

The publication of this letter seemed to revive the memory of the sad fate of Gen. Gordon, and the Anti-Slavery society in London took the matter up at once. This was the first move made to save the life of another brave man. The task was difficult, as quick help was needed, and the Emin Relief committee was started in London. All geographical societies, as well as a good many private individuals, did their utmost to bring together the amount needed. It must not be forgotten that the British government as well took an active part in the matter, and when Mr. MacKennie, of Glasgow, proposed that Stanley should be chosen to conduct the Emin Relief expedition the British government at once accepted the proposition. The situation of Emin at that time was critical. All the surrounding tribes were known to be hostile to him and his means were exhausted. Nobody could doubt that if the governor of Equatorial Africa was left in his precarious position any longer he would be overtaken by the same fate that ended the life of Hicks Pasha on the road to El Obeid, and that he could not resist the Mahdi's forces much longer.

Dr. Junker actively worked in Germany for the Relief committee, while Dr. Schweinfurt obtained £10,000 from the Egyptian government for the same purpose. Stanley arrived in Emin in 1888 and, having accepted the task of relieving Emin Pasha, actively prepared for his departure. The 14th of January, 1887, he was presented with the freedom of the city of London, and in his speech on that occasion discussed the reasons why he had chosen the Congo river route as the only practical and most expeditious one. Eight days later Stanley left London from Charing Cross, his last words being: "I will return as soon as possible. My kindest regards to my friends in America, Belgium, and England." He reached the Cape Town March 10 and the Congo river April 25, 1887. Stanley's meeting with Emin was detailed in THE BLADE'S columns only a few weeks ago.

Months and Lunations.

C. G., Weston, Iowa: The word "month" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "mona," the moon, and was the first the period of time from new moon to new moon—29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3 seconds. This division of time was used by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and many other nations of antiquity, and is yet by the Turks and many uncivilized peoples. Because the Turkish year is purely lunar, it falls, but comes a little earlier every year. The regulation of the year was so imperfect under the Romans that at the time of Julius Cæsar the spring occurred in the summer months Cæsar, with the help of the astronomer Sosigenes, in 46 B. C., reformed the calendar, making three years of 365 days and one year of 366 days in every four. The Roman year at one time consisted of ten months, but two more were afterward added.

The "Naval Officer" at Ports of Entry.

Subscriber, ——: The "Naval officer" is an officer in the customs service, and one is appointed at each of the ports of Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, S. C., New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Savannah. His duties are: to receive copies of all manifests and entries; to estimate, with the collector of customs, the duties on all merchandise subject to duty; to keep a separate record of such estimates; to countersign all permits, clearances, certificates, debentures, and other documents to be granted by the collector; to examine the collector's abstracts of duties, and other accounts of receipts, refunds and expenditures, and certify the same if found right. See Revised Statutes of the U. S., Sec. 2626. Hence you will see that the "Naval Officer" is not an officer of the navy, but an official in the custom-house, and therefore a civilian.

The Men Who Captured Booth.

C. H., Weston, O., writes: "I have written to the secretary of War, and he sent me a list of the names of the men that were in the company that seized Booth. I have not yet got the names of those who have received their share of the money, and of some who have not yet got theirs. He told me to find out where some of the men lived and write to them for more information. I do not know where any of them live."

If any of these men, or their heirs, will send their addresses to THE BLADE, to this department, we will endeavor to add this correspondent. This is not a matter of general interest, however, and we can publish no more concerning it.

St. John at Patmos.

H. A., Paris, Ark.: The place of banishment of St. John was Patmos, a rocky island in the Ægean sea, east of Greece. It is now under Turkish rule, and has about 4,000 inhabitants. It is about 45 miles in circumference. The date of St. John's banishment is in doubt. Some think it was in A. D. 64, during Nero's persecution of the Christians. Others fix it at A. D. 95, in the reign of Domitian. The legendary place where he saw the vision described in Revelations in on the top of a mountain, whose stands the famous monastery of "St. John, the Divine," built in the 12th century.

United States Mints.

J. C. J., Chattanoogs, Tenn.: The United States has five mints—at Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco, Carson and Dahlonega. But three of these are in operation—the first three named. To tell at what mint a coin was made, look at the reverse side, under the middle of the wreath. If there is no letter there, it was struck at the Philadelphia mint, which is the principal one. If there is the letter S in San Francisco mint have a small "S" under the wreath; those for New Orleans are marked "O," and those for Carson City, "C. C."

When Was Christ Born?

A. W., LaPorte, Ind.: The Christian era is supposed to begin with the birth of Christ, but it does not, because the date of his birth is not accurately known. St. Augustine says that the crucifixion was supposed to have taken place in A. D. 30, deans being assumed to be 30 years old at the time. But it was afterward shown from history that the death of Herod the Great could not be put later than a few days before the Jewish Passover, B. C. 4; and as St. Matthew's gospel puts the birth of Jesus before that event, the date of that birth could not have been at the beginning of the present era, but possibly somewhere from 5 to 7 B. C.

The Octopus.

R., Livermore, Iowa.: The octopus, or devilfish, is a huge ocean mollusk, having a round, purse-like body, without fins, and eight arms, whence the name "octopus," which means "eight-armed." Each arm has a double row of suckers, and when it throws its arms around any object, and attaches the suckers, its grip is so firm that nothing but cutting it to pieces will release it. The word is sometimes applied to monopolies, etc., from their grasping proclivities, and the difficulty of getting out of their grasp.

Miscellaneous.

Way, Lima, O.: New York city was the capital of the United States for fifteen years.

A. H. P., Mayview, Wash.: We do not intend to publish the Tariff Primer, etc., in book form.

L. C. E., Abner, Tenn.: The portrait on the stamp on postal cards is that of Thomas Jefferson.

A. H. T., Cedarville, Cal.: As soon as we can ascertain the details, your query will be answered.

F. L. W., Metz, Mo.: We may publish "Barbara Freitchie" in the "Old War Songs," later on.

H. B., Olympia: The expression, "it fits to a T," is from the use of the T square; anything that fits to a T fits exactly.

G. A. R., Poplar Bluff, Mo.: We are sorry to say we are not acquainted with any method of making ice, such as you inquire for.

P. S. F., East Liverpool, O.: If some one will send us a copy of the poem, "Corporal Joe," we shall try to insert it in "Old War Songs" after awhile.

Inquirer, Westfield: There are at present in the United States 3,169 national banks, with an aggregate capital of $596,569,331, and deposits amounting to $1,403,072,516.

Mrs. A., Coldwater, Mich.: The salary of the governor of Michigan is paid out of the money raised by taxation. We presume his private secretary is paid by the state, but do not know.

Teacher, Toledo, O.: The boundary between North and South Dakota is the parallel of 46 degrees north latitude. The capitals of the two new states have yet to be definitely located.

R. T. S., Horse Cave, Ky.: We do not understand that the United States government at any time during the rebellion ever offered to pay for the slaves if the rebels would lay down their arms.

Curious, Curtice, O.: 1.—President Harrison's height is stated to be 5 feet 6¾ inches. 2.—There are probably somewhere between 175,000 and 200,000 Mormons in the United States.

J. W. A., Ashton, Kan.: It is impossible for us to take the space necessary to publish verbatim the different treaties between the United States and the Cherokees. Besides, we have not copies of them.

C. C. M., Fostoria, O.: A "cockney" is one born within the city of London proper—within sound of Bow bells," or the bells in Bow church. The name is derived from "cockaigne," but what that really meant is doubtful.

A. J. Allegheny City, Pa.: Surgeons in the United States navy are appointed by the secretary of the Navy, but the appointments are practically decided by the examinations of applicants, conducted by the board of Medical Examiners.

Subscriber, Bolton, Tex.: We have not definite information on your points of inquiry concerning the Argentine Republic. Write a courteous letter of inquiry to Senor Don Vincente G. Quesada, Minister of Argentine Republic, Washington, D. C.

M. P., West Salem, Mo., asks: "What is the best way to find whether there is paint in the ground, where its presence is suspected?" We presume you refer to ochre or other earths used as pigments. There is no possible way save by sinking a mining shaft and testing the matter.

T. W. S., Morrison, Colo.: Religion has properly nothing to do with the Irish Home Rule question. There is no reason why a Protestant should oppose Home Rule because the great majority of the Irish people, who are Roman Catholics, favor it. It is an unworthy prejudice.

Mr. S. P. O'Neill, of Mountain Grove, Wright county, Mo., who was in Toledo to obtain evidences in his personal claim, called on THE BLADE to say, by reply to a recent querist about teachers' wages in that section of Missouri that teachers in country schools get from $25 to $35 a month.

F. M. C., Duncan's Falls, O.: The "Swamp Angel" was a large Parrott gun, planted in a swamp off Charleston during the siege of that place, the shells from which reached the city. It was then the largest gun we had, but was small and old-fashioned compared with modern artillery.

J. W. A., Clayton, Ill., asks us to republish a recipe, which THE BLADE printed five or six years ago, for dressing worn files. We have no means of finding anything published in back numbers, when the date of the issue is not given. If any one has the recipe, and will send it to this department, we will republish it.

G. D., Antoine, Ark.: 1.—The famous steamer, the Great Eastern, was broken up by her owners this spring, and sold for old iron. 2.—A discussion of the best time to deaden timber was given in this department a few weeks ago. 3.—President Garfield was shot on July 2, 1881, and died on September 19 of the same year.

Vet., Muscatine, Iowa: According to the statistics of the War department, the deaths among the volunteers in battle in the rebellion were 110,070. Of these, 67,058 died on the field and 43,012 from their wounds. The report of the surgeon general, however, says that 220,583 cases of gunshot wounds were treated in Union hospitals, and that 33,653 died of their wounds.

C., ——, Ind.: We presume that the result of a civil service examination is sent to each one examined. We do not know how long after examination the reports are sent out. A request for re-examination must be made to the Civil Service Commission. Probably a letter of inquiry to Hon. John H. Doyle, Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., would bring you full information on all the above points.

F. J. B., Bullett, Pa.: 1.—Your Representative in Congress will be able to supply you with the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture. 2.—The present Commissioner of Pensions is Hon. James M. ("Corporal") Tanner. Why do you not read the "News of the Week" on the 7th and 8th pages of the WEEKLY BLADE? His appointment was given, and we have several times referred to him at length in the editorial columns.

Student, Delaware, O.: Whenever you find a quotation at the head of a chapter, or similarly used, credited as from an "old play," it is understood generally that it was written by the author of the work in which it is quoted. It is, we believe, a custom originating with Sir Walter Scott. He could not find quotations that pleased him, and so manufactured them, crediting them "old play," intending the reader to understand that they were quotations from some forgotten old drama.

J. R. B., All Hall, Tex.: 1.—The item you refer to was found floating through the newspapers, and was reproduced as a matter of interest. Probably a letter of inquiry addressed to Hon. J. D. McColl, State Comptroller, Austin, Tex., will give you the desired information. 2.—Prof. Denslow's "Principles of Political Economy" is the latest and best. Any bookseller can order it for you. A letter addressed to the President of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, will probably obtain for you the name and publisher of some work on Universalism.

—Inventors who desire to obtain sound and reliable patents, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

ONLY ONE OF YOU.

Therefore Get Your Dresses Made for Yourself Alone.

Mrs. Kean brought from her wardrobe a dove-gray moire brocade made with simple petticoat, over which is worn one garment that completes the toilet. From the short waist the dress hung in straight folds to the feet; its sleeves consisted of wide puffs on the shoulders and the half low-neck was finished with folds of soft gray lace.

"I can get into it in no time," she exclaimed, and in less time than it takes the ordinary woman to remove a basque Mrs. Kent stood before her mirror in that dainty costume. A few hooks or buttons, a deft catching of ribbons about the waist, and she looked like some picturesque figure just stepped from a canvas to show us that beauty of attire is still what it has always been.

"How lovely! It looks so light, too."

"Yes, it is light. It weighs almost nothing compared with the ordinary dress, and even heavy gowns like one I have made largely of jet seems light when the weight is so equally distributed upon the shoulders."

"Do you carry out the some idea in all your gowns?"

"Yes, the same general idea, but they can be varied infinitely. I follow no set pattern. One lady asked me if I had patterns and I said to her: 'Madame, God never made but one of you.' Bodies differ as much as faces, and clothes should harmonize with them."

"Do you wear the ordinary skirt?"

"I don't wear skirts. For years I have worn the woolen tights now becoming so fashionable, and no woman who tries them will even burden herself with skirts again. They are light, warm, trim and comfortable."

"What do you think of corsets?"

"They are an abomination, like bustles. Still, I would not advise any one to put them off while wearing the ordinary basque. With the present style of clothing they seem to be a real protection to the soft part of the body where bands are placed."—*Chicago News.*

BAPTIST STATISTICS.

Nearly 3,000,000 Church Members in This Country—A Dollar a Head Contributed for Missions.

The American Baptist "Year Book," for 1889, published by the American Baptist Publication society, and edited by Ladsing Burrows, D. D., of Augusta, Ga., presents an array of statistics.

The whole number of members of Baptist churches in the United States is given as 3,000,000, or, to be exact, 2,297,794. Of these about 750,000 are found in the Northern states. Of the Baptists in the Southern states about 1,250,000 are colored, and about 1,000,000 white.

These 3,000,000 members are divided among 32,900 churches, so that there are, on the average, less than a hundred members to a church. The preponderance of Baptist strength being in rural districts, including very thinly settled regions. In the Southern states, great numbers of churches are necessarily small, and in many cases churches have been formed of little groups of persons who might better, perhaps, have retained their membership in existing organizations.

To the 32,900 churches there are but 21,420 ordained ministers. As these figures include the superannuated and others without charge it might seem that there are a lack of pastors. But there are great numbers of churches which cannot support a minister, and are so small as not to need the whole time of one pastor. Again, in the Southern states perhaps 80 per cent of the churches have preaching only once a month; one minister being pastor of four congregations. It cannot be said, therefore, that there is an urgent demand for more pastors.

From these 3,000,000 church members there was contributed last year for missions, education and miscellaneous purposes the sum of $3,144,994.17. By far the greater part of this came from the 750,000 Baptists of the Northern states. It should be remembered that the negroes, and also the white mountaineers of the South have little to give. Moreover, when churches are scattered through thinly settled regions, it is harder for agents and other advocates to reach them and arouse their interest, so that, even with equal wealth and willingness to give when they fully understand the case, they will contribute less than churches in more thickly settled regions.

The Baptists of the United States have seven theological seminaries, including one in Richmond for colored young men. The total value of the property of these is reported at $3,019,403. There are thirty-four universities and colleges, of which eleven have property worth upward of a quarter of a million each. There are also a list of thirty-nine female seminaries, forty-two academies for both sexes and seventeen other institutions for the colored race and Indians. There are fourteen homes for the aged, orphanage, etc., with property to the value of $583,000 and endowments to the amount of $392,792.

The Baptists have forty-nine weekly papers in the United States, with a corresponding number of monthly and quarterly periodicals. There are over twenty journals issued by the colored Baptists. The German Baptists who number nearly 15,000, have four periodicals, while the Scandinavian Baptists and the Welsh Baptists have one each.

The Baptists of the Northern states do their missionary work through the American Baptist Missionary Union (foreign), with headquarters in Boston, the American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose rooms are in New York, and the American Baptist Publication Society, whose offices are in Philadelphia. The Southern Baptist Convention, with its foreign and home boards, was organized in 1845 as the result of differences on the question of slavery. The old estrangements have now nearly all disappeared; but there is no move toward a reunion, as the territory is so large and the constituency so great that a single organization would be inconveniently large. The American Baptist Education Society, organized a year ago, is made up of all sections. The colored Baptists have general organizations of their own.

The Baptists of the Dominion of Canada report 77,310 members. In the West Indies there are 40,925, mostly colored; in Great Britain, 300,000, with another 100,000 on the continent of Europe; in Australasia there are 15,128; in Asia, 71,414, and in Africa, 3,673. The "grand total" given in the "Year Book" is 3,608,458.

But this does not include the Free Will Baptists of this country, who report 82,686 members, nor others who are as truly members of the denomination at large as are the Open Communion and Arminian Baptists of Great Britain. The Baptists of the United States, other than the "Regular" Baptists, number 263,987. This does not include the Disciples (or "Campbellites," as they object to being called) who differ from the Evangelical churches in certain doctrines, but practice immersion, and who number 620,000; nor the Mennonites, numbering 93,000, who, though practicing sprinkling, reject the sprinkling of infants; nor the Dunkards, sometimes called Quaker Baptists, who number 95,000. For the purposes of comparison, it may be noted that the various Methodist bodies of the country have about four million members, the Lutheran a little upward of a million, the Presbyterians of all kinds a little upward of a million, the Congregationalists 457,587 members, the Episcopalians 447,022.

Ringing and Wringing.

A man at the bridge who makes frequent use of the telepone was treated to quite a joke by one of the lovely girls who manipulate these talking machines. He lost his temper because he did not get the number he wanted at the proper moment, and he fired his cruel sentence at the young lady: "If I have to ring again I will come up and wring your ears."

She was not to be beaten for she sent this reply:

"I will send you my ears down if you ring them with gold.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

The Need Supplied.

OF a scientific and truly reliable hair dressing led to the discovery of Dr. J. C. Ayer's famous Hair Vigor. It was a success from the beginning, and to-day outsells all similar preparations.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation causes a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft, and is a perfect hair dressing."—Mrs. Malcolm B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor has been in use in my family for a number of years, and I regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Dr. B. M. Johnson, Thomas Hill, Mo.

Bessie H. Bedloe, Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared comb it.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor

Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, cleansed the head of dandruff, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S PILLS have no equal as a family medicine. Being free from calomel or any other injurious drug, their use leaves no ill effects—making them suitable for all ages and constitutions. In every case where a cathartic is indicated, Ayer's Pills are the best.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

WITH Ayer's Hair Vigor, one may almost defy Father Time, by preserving the hair to a ripe old age.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor with marvelous success. It restores the color to gray hair, promotes a fresh growth, and keeps it healthy."—Mrs. J. Burton, Bangor, Me.

"My hair was faded and dry, but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delaware, Ill.

Mrs. Sarah J. Gregory, Elizabeth, N. J., says: "I have used Dr. Ayer's

Hair Vigor

for a number of years, and find it very effective in promoting the growth of hair."

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL leads all other preparations for the relief of Colds, Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Consumption. Certified testimony proves that hundreds of lives have been saved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

REMARKABLE CASE.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 192 to 88 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

JOHN RAY,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Jan. 8, 1889.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

A CENTURY AGO.

THE FIRST INAUGURAL BALL.

What People Wore in Washington's Days—Picturesque Scenes in New York in 1789.

[Written for THE BLADE by Ellen Osborne. Copyrighted 1889.]

EE, I am dressed to make a tearing show." Kittie Van Voort was the daintiest little Knickerbocker maiden that ever latched a shoe. She dearly loved fine clothes, and in her light blue silk gown, open in front and looped up behind, to show a petticoat of rich satin, sprigged with silver, her fresh, sweet face bloomed like a flower. Her pale yellow hair was piled high on a cushion above her forehead, and a tiny wreath of flowers was threaded in its curls. There was a string of pearls about her slender white throat, her low bodice was stiffly pointed front and back and gathered at the peak by silver cords, her arms were bare to the elbows, and under her gay sweeping skirts one caught a glimpse of slender-pointed satin slippers with silver buckles and high heels. In one hand she held a delicate embroidered handkerchief and the other fluttered a lace-mounted fan, all roses and cupids, whose medallions were masterpieces of miniature painting.

"See here, is not this the prettiest fashion? It is but yesterday come over."

It was April in New York in 1789, one hundred years ago. On a lounge covered with a design done in red and brown tent stitch, kerchiefs and silk stockings and

dresses of India silk and full skirts of tulle over silk were lying. On an oval table at the head of the couch was a green parasol, keeping company amicably with a pair of immense earrings *a la Creole*, a long scarf printed in colors and braided, and "The Curious Impertinent," "The Fair Maid of the Inn" and other popular novels of the day.

It was a large room with richly wainscotted walls and beautifully painted ceiling. The white marble mantel-piece carved with friezes of nymphs, the tall mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling, the dark rich carpets had come from England. The blinds were closed to keep out the afternoon sun, but through the partially opened windows came a faint passing aroma from the greening grass, the salt sea and the box-bordered beds of daffodils sloping to the North River.

"It is but three days since the 'Western Light' and the 'Dauntless' came to anchor and brought light cloths and camblets and silks and shoes for the summer. I sent at once to have these sweet-fancied stuffs sent around to choose among, from the merchants, for there comes the ball to President Washington, and one must have a genteel suit. I must send back what is not becoming. You shall give me your opinion."

"La, coz, I think all your suits are vastly becoming."

"Faith, coz, I follow all the fashions, and they must be straight from Paris. I must show you my new bonnet; it is of straw from Italy."

And so they went out into the sunshine and walked among the lily beds behind the yellow brick house with its gables and its weathercocks which stood on the river bank on the outskirts of the city, northwest of Fulton street, and not far away. And then they turned their steps to the cobble-paved Broadway, and walked among the beaux and belles who filled it with holiday pageant in the pleasurable excitement which filled the little capital. There were grave-looking men in dark blue coats, whose stiff shirts were lined with satin, whose breeches were of black velvet, whose ruffles were edged with lace, whose shoes were clasped with silver buckles, and whose cocked hats were made of the finest beaver. What plush vests and wigs and gold snuff boxes were there to see. What women in India silks and Persian cambrics and gauze hats and high heels. Here and there a splendidly dressed officer with scarlet regimentals and uniform of buff and blue. Here and there a Dutch maiden in quilted petticoat and trig, bodice and buckled shoes and fair pink face shaded by the broad Zealand hat with its long blue ribbons crossed behind. Behind the damsel came her mother with lace cap stiffly starched, short gown of taffeta and petticoat of camblet, with white wool stockings clocked with blue. Behind the mother again came a gentleman in brown velvet coat with long flapped waistcoat of white satin, for the gallants of those days were not outshone by the dames. New York has always been a picturesque city, and never more so than in the festal spring of 1789, when the leaves were starting on the forest trees by Canal street and the frogs were croaking in the marsh at Chatham square.

It was Arabella Clayton with whom pretty Kitty was talking, a cousin once removed, who had arrived that morning from Philadelphia in one of those open wagons

hung with double curtains of cloth and leather, which jogged over the route uncomfortably and indefatigably, keeping the air full to overflowing throughout the inauguration festivities.

"Deed, coz, what is it like? I shall be glad to see it."

"Truth, it is a most whimsical fancy. I believe, coz, it has 25 yards of green ribbon on it, and the most enchanting feathers. It was a most transporting piece of fortune that I got it, for Broadway is wonderfully full of fine gentlemen."

The bonnet thus bepraised was not one which the present generation would call lovely. The straw was rather coarse, for the plaiting for ladies' heads was a novelty, and the bleacher had not yet learned to deliver it unyellowed. In size it was enormous, with a perpendicular crown hidden under ribbons, and a huge funnel-shaped brim loaded with feathers. From its depths Kitty's mischievous face peeped out most demurely.

Both young girls had that womanly folbie common in all ages, a love of new gowns, and as they turned over the gloves and laces, the precious toilet and hairpins, the India scarfs and fans strewing the apartment, they chatted of the ball to come, of the last new modes and of the stately dames who would walk minuets in them. It was easy to see from the fineries which surrounded them that the fashionable color at the inaugural ball would be green. Apple green, with white stripes, was the color of the parasol on the table, and Kitty informed Bella that "the lively shepherdess" was the name of that particular combination. The parasol was a large one with a top resembling the shape which this spring is called the "canopy." It had a long and handsomely carved ivory handle, but it must have been an incumbrance when Kitty went riding or rowing and the sun set or hid behind a cloud before her return, for it was not made to close. The newest rain umbrellas could be shut when the storm was over, but the parasol was born and died with spread wings.

The gowns which lay over the sofa could dance at the centennial ball without much modernizing, though the belle of to-day could hardly rival their gorgeous brocades. Bella, who had put on her best suit in honor of her visit to her cousin, swept across the floor to examine them, lifting in one hand a long petticoat of quilted blue satin. Above this she wore a sacque of wood-colored taffeta sprigged with rosebuds. Her stomacher was of fine lace to match the deep ruffling on her elbow sleeves. About her neck she had a single string of large amber beads. There was a watch pinned at side and on her head a quaint little Philadelphia cap, named by the Parisians in honor of Franklin and the independence of America, and worn with afternoon as well as with evening dress, tied beneath the chin.

The skirts of the party dresses were very long, scarcely showing the high-heeled satin slippers with buckles. The gowns themselves opened down the front over undergowns of another color. The skirts were very full, for though hoops were disappearing in Paris they had not yet vanished from New York drawing rooms. There was scantness enough at the top to make up for the abundance at the bottom, for bodices were low enough to show the shoulders, stiffy pointed, nebulous with lace and adorned with wreaths of flowers about the corsage. Tuis was the extremely fashionable evening material, sometimes made in skirt over skirt above a silk foundation, sometimes trimmed with a succession of gauzy ruches or flounces of the same material.

Morning and Evening.

With these bits of gorgeousness lay white silk clocked stockings. Black stockings at this time were almost unknown in the country. Beside the stockings were high-heeled shoes of white satin, and gloves not nearly long enough to meet the elbow sleeves. The gloves were of a soft-textured kid, loose-wristed and fastening with a single button. Dainty handkerchiefs sheer as mull and elaborately embroidered, fans with ivory sticks and mounts of silk or paper painted with shepherds and shepherdesses in gold, pink and blue, silk and velvet reticules—many a good dame absurdly miscalled them "ridicules"—gold needle cases, and all the paraphernalia of a lady of fashion were there.

It was a white poudesoy gown which was finally settled on for the ball attire. The fashion of it was the newest then, the approved just now, with short bodice which would have exposed the bosom but for the long scarf of white India silk folded across the shoulders, its hanging ends embroidered with gold.

"La, dear," cried Bella, "I protest you are the most agreeable creature in it."

"I am wonderfully pleased with the scarf," said Kitty. "It has the most enchanting slope to the shoulders. There is but one other like it, I believe, in the country, and that belongs to Mrs. John Jay."

And Kitty went to the ball? She wore a pink rose at her breast. There were amber beads about her throat and a large amber comb fastened in the high rolls of her pale gold hair. A gilded Indian fan matched the gold embroidery of her gown and she used it with all the small arts of which she was mistress as she walked the French minuet with her cavalier. He was a gorgeous fellow, that partner, in light blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankin colored breeches, shining pumps, white lace ruffles and ponderous white cravat, and when he handed her to a seat, her place was just beside Mrs. Alexander Hamilton whom she admired more, in her dress of brown brocade over petticoat of paler colored satin, with costly ornaments of gold and rubies,

than long necked Lady Kitty Duer, or Lady Mary Watts, or Mrs. Chancelor Livingston, or Lady Stirling, or Mrs. James Beekman, or the Miss Bayard, or Mrs. Richard Montgomery, or Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston, whom Washington danced with, or any lady there.

It was a dream to Kitty of gay, soft, sweeping gowns, of snowy necks and bare arms, of kerchiefs and powdered hair piled high on cushions, of delicate feet in high-heeled buckled shoes. And Washington. "How looked he, Darby, was he short or tall?"

"He was bravely attired," says Kitty, "as became the evening. Rich black velvet were his coat and breeches, and his vest was pearl colored satin. His shoe buckles and knee buckles were silver, and his hair was powdered and gathered into a silk bag. The scabbard at his side was polished white leather."

"He dances," said Kitty, next morning, "with all the elegance imaginable."

"Faith, coz," said Bella, "you looked extremely charming."

—The body is more susceptible to benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla now than at any other season. Therefore take it now.

IT WAS A CLEVER TRICK.

And Yet He Wasn't Pleased When He Knew It.

No one enjoys feeling that he has been the object of a clever trick, yet there are circumstances under which pique must yield to the humor of the situation. In the days when California did not seem as near the East as traveling by rail has since made it, a man entered the office of a San Francisco banker, and said:

"I want exchange for this on New York."

"All right. What is it?"

The man looked fearfully around him, and then brought out a packet.

"It's $25,000 in greenbacks."

"I guess I can do it. Going East?"

"Yes; I'm going to-morrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Couldn't do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft."

"Oh, seeing it's you, one per cent—two hundred and fifty dollars."

"It goes."

The banker made out a draft on New York, and as he handed it to the man, asked him if he would mind taking along a small parcel, to be delivered in New York to the banker's brother. The man was willing to undertake the errand, and the banker, having gone into the other room, presently came back with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise, and don't lose it, will you?"

"I'll take the best care of it."

"Thank you. Good-by. Pleasant trip."

Arrived in New York, the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. He then presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the identical twenty-five thousand dollars he had deposited in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbottsford, is preparing for the press some hitherto unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Sleepless Nights

"For nearly a month I was not able to sleep, but after using PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND for two days, insomnia fled and strength returned." E. G. SMITH, Claussen, S. C.

"I have taken only a part of a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and it has entirely relieved me of sleeplessness, from which I have suffered greatly." MRS. E. AUCLIFF, Peoria, Ill.

Paine's Celery Compound produces sound and refreshing sleep. A physician's prescription. It does not contain one harmful drug. Like nothing else. It is a guaranteed cure for sleeplessness, if directions are faithfully followed.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"For a long time I was so nervous and worn out that I could not work. I tried many medicines, but none gave me relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound, which at once strengthened and invigorated my nerves."

HARVEY SIFFMAN, Burlington, Vt.

Paine's Celery Compound

quickly quiets and strengthens the nerves, when irritated or weakened by overwork, excesses, disease, or shock. It cures nervousness, headache, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, melancholia, and other disorders of the nervous system.

Tones up the Shattered Nerves

"For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy, that Paine's Celery Compound cured me. Let any one write to me for advice." GEORGE W. BOYTON, Stamford, Conn.

DIAMOND DYES *Original and only reliable. Beware of poor Imitations.* LACTATED FOOD *agrees with Weak Stomachs. Best for Invalids.*

In a recent number of a trade paper devoted to the interests of the retail clothing trade, an article appears which, after discussing the causes for last year's depression in ready-made clothing, concludes as follows:

"Perhaps not all of our members appreciate the effect upon our trade of the enormous business that the PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. is doing through EVERY post-office and express office in the UNITED STATES. It is not an uncommon sight to see of a Saturday a line of people waiting at some post-office in Maine, Illinois, or even California for parcels of this concern's custom clothing to be delivered them. Backed by ample capital, and with astonishing energy, they have pushed their business up to such a magnitude, that a profit per pair which to us would hardly pay rent, to them means a handsome return upon their capital. Representing as they probably do over a MILLION CONSUMERS of cloth they demand and obtain cloth in the woolen markets of the East at LOWER figures than ever before quoted. By the system that they have originated, they never have to carry any ready-made clothing, but make clothing to ORDER at LESS THAN EVERY GARMENT which of course attracts a great many customers, as their prices are even lower than the same garment ready-made. It is useless to deny that they have treated their customers with a liberality which THEY CAN AFFORD TO DO, where our trade cannot, even to the extent of refunding money at a buyer's request, or making a new garment when customers send wrong measures. It has been suggested that a memorial be addressed to Congress by the clothing dealers, calling attention to the operations of this company through the post-offices and express companies, asking if some action cannot be taken to protect the trade against such competition."

ASTOUNDING ATTACK
UPON THE
PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.

We have read the above with great attention, but fail to see how Congress could be induced to interfere with a business that has REDUCED THE COST OF CLOTHING to the people. We leave it for our friends and customers throughout the country to let their representatives in Congress understand whether or not our enterprise has been a benefit to the people.

In the meantime we shall continue, upon receipt of 6 cents, to send our packages containing twenty samples of cloth, from which we make to order our famous custom-made Plymouth Rock $3, $4, and $5 pants, and $13 25, $16.75, and $20.50 suits, together with a linen tape-measure and guaranteed self measurement blanks.

P

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 100,000.

THE ARGUMENTS OF THE RUM POWER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In response to a request in THE BLADE'S columns, a number of our friends in Pennsylvania have transmitted to us articles taking the anti-Prohibition side of the contest over the proposed amendment in that state. The first of these is a slip, which seems to have been sown broadcast over the state. The one side is devoted to the taxation argument. It declares that

If the state is deprived of the enormous sums derived from liquor licenses and taxes on the property of distillers, brewers and dealers, and all the kindred lines of business which would be destroyed by Prohibition, the tax upon other kinds of property must be increased to make up the deficiency.

That Prohibition does increase taxes is proved by the rates existing in Prohibition states. Taxes have reached as high as 6.2 cents on the dollar in Des Moines, Iowa, and 3.28 cents on the dollar in Topeka, Kansas. 5.69 cents on the dollar in Atchison. Taxes increased 40 per cent in Atlanta, Ga., and similar high rates are maintained in other places under Prohibition. Such taxes bring general disaster. Are your taxes so light that you want to pay more?

On the other hand, under Prohibition the state is relieved of the burden of the "enormous sums" required to pay the cost of pauperism and crime which the Rum traffic imposes, and which is annually ten times all the taxes and revenue received from Rum. It is admitted by all well-informed men that the burden imposed by the traffic is enormously greater than any revenue that can possibly be derived from it. Again, Prohibition does not increase taxation. Governor HUMPHREY, of Kansas, in his letter to THE BLADE, showed that the assessed valuation of property for taxation in that state is only about one-third of its actual cash value, and that the rate of taxation has remained the same for many years, even under heavily increased expenditure for the erection of the new state capitol, and other public buildings. Regarding city taxation, the *Christian Union*, which made inquiries, says:

Regarding the rate of 6.2 cents on the dollar in Des Moines, Iowa, it is only necessary to note that it is just as high in Omaha, Nebraska. In both cities the rate of municipal taxation is distressingly high, the rate of assessment is comfortingly low. The argument to the taxpayers that they should become silent partners in the liquor traffic is one which will arouse the honest indignation of every conscientious friend of restriction.

A comparison of tax-rates in all the growing cities of the West, in Prohibition and non-Prohibition states, shows that city taxation is no higher in the former than in the latter. The statement regarding Atlanta is glaringly false. Prohibition does not increase taxation. On the contrary, it adds to the prosperity of the state, by diverting the vast sums that are spent for Rum into the channels of legitimate business. Merchants and storekeepers of all kinds get it instead of the saloon-keepers. There is more property to pay taxes and more men saving money to help bear the burden.

The other side of this lying slip contains the following, which is one of those half-truths that are worse than absolute falsehoods:

Every person selling liquor of any kind must procure each year a stamp or license from the Internal Revenue department of the United States. These stamps are not taken out unless they are intended for use. The number of stamps, therefore, shows the number of liquor sellers in a state during the year for which they are issued. The number of licenses issued in Kansas increased from 1,894, in 1881, to 2,997 in 1887, under Prohibition. The number in Iowa increased under Prohibition from 3,834 to 4,033. Maine has one liquor dealer to 624; Kansas one to every 448, and Iowa one to every 454 of population.

The materialistic boast of the claim that Prohibition is a success is shown by the fact that Alabama under license has only one liquor dealer to every 1,100 of population; Arkansas one to every 1,118; South Carolina, one to 1,001; Florida, one to every 904; Tennessee, one to every 700, and so on through the list of states. (See U. S. Revenue Reports.) The Prohibition states actually have more liquor dealers than most of the non-Prohibition states. The number of liquor dealers in Iowa per thousand of population is greater than in Kentucky or Texas. The Prohibition states simply lose the revenue from licenses, etc.

Let us remind the reader, first, that every druggist has to procure a liquor stamp from the Internal Revenue collector; second, that the Prohibition states named are rapidly increasing in population, and hence the number of druggists increasing in the same ratio; third, the liquor sellers have a wholesome fear of the United States government, and every one who intends to attempt to evade the state Prohibitory law gets his internal revenue liquor stamp as his first step. In non-Prohibition states each stamp, as a rule, means a place where Rum is sold the whole year; in Prohibition states it means an intention to evade the law, if it can be done. In Kansas, Iowa and Maine there are hundreds of these stamps held by men who never sold enough Rum to pay for their cost, or who are in jail or under bonds for violating the law. The *Christian Union*, above referred to, answers this whole argument completely as follows:

The brazen dishonesty of the tract is at once apparent when we note (1) That every one of the non-Prohibition states mentioned has local option.

(2) Every one of the non-Prohibition states mentioned has a population almost exclusively agricultural. In Alabama, for example, there is but one trader or dealer of any kind to each 300 inhabitants, while in Maine there is but one to each 90 inhabitants.

(3) Nearly 6 per cent of all the "traders" in the country are druggists, every one of whom must procure a federal liquor license. Maine's proportion of druggists is 400; Iowa's proportion is 1,500; Kansas's proportion is about 1,200.

(4) In order that statistics of this sort should mean anything, states similar in location and in the character of their population, but dissimilar in their liquor policies, should be contrasted. Kansas should be contrasted with Nebraska, Iowa with Minnesota. Doing this, we find in Kansas one license to every 712 people, while in Nebraska there is one license to every 441. In Iowa there is one license to every 459 people; in Minnesota one to every 800. In Illinois (where the city population is greater) there is one license to every 265 people; and in New York one to every 159. Rhode Island is the only Prohibition state which makes a bad showing, the proportion there being one license to every 249 people.

We have devoted considerable space to this slip, because it puts in compact form the two great stock arguments of the Rum Power—that "Prohibition don't prohibit" and that "taxes are increased." Both are falsehoods.

We have been sent numerous copies of a 16-page pamphlet entitled "The Folly of Prohibition," which is made up articles from newspapers and utterances of individuals on the Prohibition question. Many of them are old, some are recent. A careful perusal fails to find any genuine argument that has not already been traversed in these columns. It is an old trick to take a long article, discussing some question at length, and to reproduce a paragraph or two pertaining to one branch of the general subject. This is called "garbling," and is neither fair nor honest. This pamphlet is an example of this sort of work.

The next is a leaflet, containing an article from the *Christian Union*, written early this year, which takes the ground that Prohibition is still an experiment, and that it is doubtful policy to incorporate it in a state constitution until it is proved a success. Our readers will be glad to know that since that time the *Christian Union* has taken the trouble to investigate, and now takes much more advanced ground, as the extracts given above from a late number plainly show. This of itself is a full and complete answer to the leaflet.

Next come a sheaf of newspaper clippings. First of these is an article on cider, purporting to be written by a farmer, which first appeared in the Pittsburg *Leader*, and seems to have been inserted into a number of rural Pennsylvania papers and paid for by the anti-Prohibitionists. It claim, first, that cider falls under the scope of the amendment. In reply to this, we will say that the Philadelphia *Times*, which is opposed to the amendment, in its issue of April 27 declares that "the proposed Prohibitory amendment would not prohibit a farmer from making cider or wine for his own household." And the question whether the sale of "hard cider" would be prohibited will necessarily have to be decided by the legislature, if the amendment shall carry. The amendment does not define "intoxicating liquors," nor specify what shall be so considered; hence the legislature will have to do so in making laws to carry the amendment into effect. The pretended "farmer" then goes on to rehearse the falsehoods about "increased taxation," Prohibition being a failure in Kansas and Iowa, etc, which are fully met in Governor HUMPHREY'S letter to THE BLADE. The article can only deceive the ignorant.

Another of these slips is an editorial from a Harrisburg Democratic paper, discussing the result in Massachusetts. A brief extract will give its pith:

The third party Prohibitionists had become formidable as an independent political organization in Massachusetts and threatened the supremacy of the Republican party in that state. To placate these third party Prohibitionists and at the same time to eliminate the Prohibition factor from politics, the Republicans of the Massachusetts legislature adopted the expedient of proposing an amendment to the state constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale, within the state, of vinous, malt and spirituous liquors as a beverage. To accomplish the same identical purposes the Republicans of Pennsylvania have resorted to the same identical expedient.

This is simply rot. Its writer knew he penned a falsehood when he wrote it. The simple fact is this, as regards both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania: The state constitutions provide that proposed amendments shall be submitted to the popular vote by the state legislature. There is in both states a very large number of citizens who are in favor of Prohibition. They petitioned the legislature to allow a vote on the proposition. The legislature, in each case, respecting the right of petition, and knowing that the petitioners voiced the opinion of a large minority or possibly a majority, acceded to the request and submitted the proposition. The submission was a simple ministerial act, and politics did not enter into it. It is true that the Democratic legislators largely voted against it, and the Republicans largely for it. That simply marks the subserviency of the Democrats to the Rum Power, and the desire of the Republicans to respect the desire of the petitioners.

That in either case the submission was because of the growth of the third party, is utterly false. In Massachusetts, last November, the Republican plurality was 32,037; total third party vote, 8,701, or 2½ per cent of the total vote of the state. In Pennsylvania, at the same election, the Republican plurality was 79,452; total third party vote, 20,947—or 2 per cent of the total vote of the state. To show that there is no steady growth of the third party in these states, we give the total vote of each at the successive elections from 1884:

	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.
Massachusetts.....	9,925	4,714	8,251	10,945	8,701
Pennsylvania.....	11,269	15,017	32,43	18,471	20,947

In Massachusetts, in 1884, the total Republican vote was 146,724, or 48.36 per cent of the total vote of the state; in 1888 it was 183,892, or 53.39 per cent of the total vote. In Pennsylvania, in 1884, the total Republican vote was 473,804, or 52.68 per cent of the total vote of the state; in 1888 it was 52.74 per cent of the total vote. Hence the Republican vote is shown to be growing. How then can the third party be gaining on it? Then, too, is it not absurd to assume that the Republican voters could be influenced to vote against the amendment, if they believed in it? The defeat in Massachusetts was because a majority did not believe that Prohibition was the best method of combatting the evils of Rum; if the Pennsylvania amendment is defeated, it will be for the same reason. There is yet time in the latter state to bring the truth home to the voters, and we earnestly hope it will be done.

Next we have a long slip cut from some Pennsylvania paper, entitled "Reasons Why the Amendment Should be Defeated." We will briefly go over the most important of them:

1.—It is impossible to make men moral by statutory law.

That is not the aim of Prohibition. It is to stop Rumsellers from ruining their fellow-men, increasing crime and poverty, and entailing vast expense on the state in order to make money.

2.—The Brooks high license law should be given a fair trial, and if it does not come up to the requirements the legislature can strengthen it. The amendment as proposed cannot prove the sovereign remedy claimed by its advocates.

License and Prohibition have not the same aim. The one aims to reduce the evils of the traffic, but still allow it to exist; the other, to abolish the evils by abolishing their cause. The amendment can prove as good a remedy in Pennsylvania as it has in Kansas and Iowa.

3.—The constitution of the United States says that personal property shall at all times and under all circumstances be protected, and it is severe upon the liquor dealers to strike down their interests without any compensation whatever. It is unjust to do it and the constitution declares against it.

A lie. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the question, and decided it in favor of Prohibition.

4.—The prohibitory law, if passed, would not prohibit. Even if it should, greater evils than drunkenness will arise. The confiscation of $250,000,000 worth of property and the throwing out of employment 500,000 bread-winners by an outrageous measure like this would furnish an excellent precedent for even more intolerable oppression.

A falsehood on its face. If Prohibition prohibits in Iowa and in Kansas, why not in Pennsylvania? And the "500,000" (we do not believe these figures correct) can find some honest method of making a living. There will be an increase of prosperity that will require more men in every avenue of legitimate business.

So they go on. The strongest anti-Prohibition points in the article are answered above. We thank our Pennsylvania friends for sending them, and shall be glad to receive new ones. Let us ask why the liquor men are howling about the "failure" of Prohibition in Maine, Kansas and Iowa, and at the same time pouring out money to defeat it in Pennsylvania? If there is more Rum sold in any of these states now than before Prohibition was adopted, why do they not favor what will increase their trade? The voters of Pennsylvania must be shown that Prohibition does prohibit; that it will be for the best interests of every person in the commonwealth, will increase legitimate business, decrease crime and poverty, lighten the burden of the cost of courts and criminal proceedings, and in all ways better the condition of the state and her people, that they may, by carrying the amendment,

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THERE should be an end to the absurd custom of shaking hands at Presidential receptions. WASHINGTON was a pretty good President, but he declined to shake hands on public occasions of that character.

TRUSTS IN ENGLAND.

It has been a constant free trade cry that trusts were the product of a protective tariff. But lately England has been developing a set of trusts which completely outdo anything in the line which America has got to offer. The Chicago *Tribune*, itself a low tariff paper, has collected some figures about trusts in England and says the London *Economist* gives a list of nineteen such companies formed during the first three months of this year, with a total capital of about $125,300,000. The number formed during the whole of last year was only fifteen, with a total capital of less than $50,000,000. The names of most of these combinations convey no hint of their scope, and to judge from that fact it would seem that at least some of them are little better than confidence games gotten up for the purpose of beguiling capital out of the pockets of the public into those of the schemers. But the facility with which these syndicate "securities" are floated, points unmistakably to a superabundance of capital in the British Isles. It is so plentiful that the owners are at their wits' end to find avenues in which it may be invested to yield an income. It has been put into domestic railway stocks till the prices are forced far above the values which would be determined by reference to current or prospective earnings, other forms of investment are similarly glutted to inflation, and yet there is a big surplus which can not find employment at all except in channels the honesty as well as the future success of which is at least open to question. It may be claimed that the wealth of the country is not increasing at such a rate as to warrant the investments referred to, as new ones, and that they cannot be of a character to compare with the overloadings of fictious capital practiced by the engineers of trusts who have got in their fine work in the United States. Perhaps not. Comparatively little is known of the methods which obtain there, but it does not appear that they include plans for increasing the employment to be given to labor or its remuneration. If they do not comprise this feature they are fully as unhealthy as is the trust in the United States and quite as likely to fail disastrously, in spite of the backing with solid cash which they are alleged to have. It would be exceedingly interesting to know approximately how much of this inflation is real cash, and what part of it is simply credit based upon the apparent success of other speculative enterprises. If the latter be in large proportion, there is room for grave apprehension of a bad burst in the windbag, even if the British government does not resolve on a wholesale interdiction of processes and schemes adverse to the public welfare.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." We require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE man or woman who can hold absolute control of the tempor, who does not allow irritation and anger to get ahead of reason, has a power which can hardly be over-estimated. Whether in the right or wrong such an individual is apt to come out ahead in any controversy, simply because holding himself in subjection, he is able to see his opponent's weak points and attack him there. It is sometimes very hard to do this, however, especially if some sudden cause of exasperation arises, and one has little time for reflection. These are occasions when a well-formed habit of holding the reins over the spirit comes in play. One often feels the necessity of uttering such a prayer as the little girl used for her mother. This is the story:

Little Miss Beth's mamma, one day prepared to make some long neglected calls. As a special treat the little lady was to be allowed to dance attendance. Her mother, after arranging the small, restless person in spotless raiment, sent her down stairs to await her own coming. Beth went down stairs —alas, too *many* stairs, not stopping till she got to her favorite playground—the kitchen. Then she espied a houful of tempting "shiney" coal, and, next minute, was deep in its contents. By and by she heard her mother calling, and her naughty little soul was smitten with sudden remorse, and dread of coming retribution. When mamma appeared at the door, there stood her bit of a daughter—black as a chimney sweep, and the picture of guilt and dismay. At a glimpse of threatening storm on mamma's face, the wee woman bethought herself of a possible refuge in that troublous time, and clasping her smutty little hands, and raising her eyes piously to heaven, she prayed, "O, dear Mr. Lord, *send us patience—quick!*"

IT is the hardest work for men in general to get over the idea that there is nothing in this life so dear to the heart of a woman as a pretty bonnet. While not making it by any means the *sine qua non* of her ambition, it cannot be denied that she does like tasteful head-gear. Why should she not? There is nothing which shows so quickly that she is not "up" in fashionable life, nothing which so detracts from a fine appearance, nothing which spoils a pretty face, or makes a homely one homelier, than a dowdy bonnet. It is the first object to catch the eye, and the last, and therefore the impression that it gives is made and retained when others pass away. A little special attention paid to this matter is not wasted. Indeed, man and woman should hold it a duty to dress as well as they can in the way of pretty and becoming styles, so long as they are not absorbed in the matter to the exclusion of more important things. The sight of some of the abortions in the way of head-gear will produce a night mare. Artistic milliners and dressmakers are even a greater factor in higher civilization than artistic picture-makers.

THE "indications of dissatisfaction" with HARRISON'S administration in the Republican ranks, of which certain Democratic papers are endeavoring to make something, are but the froth on the surface of things. These "indications" come from a few men whose personal and private opinion of the importance of themselves in the scramble for office vastly exceed the real angle their merits subtend to unbiased vision. The party is perfectly satisfied so far, and in any case will not pronounce judgment against President HARRISON until there is something more tangible as a basis than the kicking of disappointed office-seekers.

THE members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society, now in session at Philadelphia, are debating the question: "Should women who go out as foreign missionaries, marry? With a good many women the question is not shall they marry, but can they.

THE announcement from Washington, that all government officials who took advantage of their positions to wrongfully acquire land in Oklahoma, would be punished, was expected. The men who tried to wrong the actual settlers probably forgot that this is no longer a Democratic administration.

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM.

The Australian system of voting, wherein the state furnishes the tickets, which are secretly prepared by the voters for the ballot-boxes, will be extensively tested in the United States within the next two years. Six states have already enacted election laws based upon this system, and quite a number of others will follow suit within the next year or two. If the practical test at the polls carries out the expectations of its friends, it will speedily become national in its operations. In view of the wide-spread belief in the system, the workings of the plan in Australia are of interest. Mr. E. LAMB, of Sydney, New South Wales, is now in the United States on a visit, and gives the following interesting details:

We find the system to be most satisfactory in its results. Bribery and political corruption are practically unknown with us. The opportunity is lacking. In the first place, the system which prevails in Queensland for placing candidates in nomination is not conducive to the purchasing plan. The man who aspires to be a candidate for an elective office must first put up a forfeit, or surety, of $40—$200—as an evidence of his faith in his hold upon the suffrages of the people and his fitness for public preferment.

There are no caucuses. The candidate is allowed to harangue the people at stated times and places in a decent and orderly manner, but there is no maligning or mud-flinging. When the votes are counted, in case the candidate failed to receive a reasonable proportion of the same—say 100 out of 500—his $200 is forfeited and his candidacy classed as a political mistake. If he make a reasonable showing or is elected his money is returned to him. The virtue of this plan is to keep out men who are wholly unfitted for office and who would not care to risk the loss of that amount of money.

Tampering with the tickets is an utter impossibility. The ticket—all of them being numbered—is obtained from a sworn officer after entering the room. There can be no peddling, no confusion. Everything in connection with the matter is conducted in a straight-forward, business-like manner. The system has been thoroughly satisfactory in Australia.

The matter of requiring the deposit of a forfeit is a mere detail, not necessary to the successful working of the system, and has been discarded in the new legislation in this country, save in one state, we believe. Against the essential features of the plan there can be no valid objection brought. Every honest, fair-minded citizen desires an absolutely free and honest ballot, without the possibility of a charge of bribery, intimidation or fraud. This the Australian system secures. The only persons who are hostile to the plan are either those who do not understand it clearly, or else those who are interested in buying or intimidating voters.

THE CHEROKEE OUTLET.

The surplus of Oklahoma boomers are already discussing a raid into the Cherokee outlet. There seems a likelihood that there will be more trouble over this tract than over Oklahoma itself. It lies North of Oklahoma proper, extending far westward of the west line of the newly-opened tract, and is about three times as large as the latter. It was ceded by the Cherokees to the United States in 1866, for the purpose of being occupied by friendly Indians. Only a small portion of it has been utilized, or paid for, by the government, and hence its present status is a subject of much interest. The more weighty opinion is that the Indian title is still valid, and the government acquiesced in this view by interposing no objection to the Cherokees leasing it to the cattle companies up to last year, when the making of a new lease was forbidden.

The same bill which gave the President the power to open the Oklahoma lands makes provision for negotiations with the Cherokees with a view to the future opening of the "strip" or "outlet" to settlement. Until this is done, and the formal proclamation of the President gives permission, the boomers can have no legal right on these lands. By the way, the soil is said to be far better, as a rule, than that in Oklahoma, and the strip altogether better for farming operations. There is undoubtedly a very large number of men in Oklahoma who were disappointed in getting homesteads. If they move *en masse* upon the strip, it gives the promise of a very lively summer's work for the United States troops in endeavoring to remove them. Nevertheless, its early settlement is inevitable, and it would seem to be a wise policy on the part of the government to push the negotiations with the Cherokees for an extinguishment of their title, and a prompt opening of the land to homesteaders.

THE following letter, written by HORACE GREELEY just after the battle of Bull Run, and published in the New York *Tribune* of the 21st, is of value as showing that, in hot private criticism of military leaders, MURAT HALSTEAD was not alone. It is a good pendant to the Field Marshal's letter to Secretary CHASE:

NEW YORK, July 27, 1861.—DEAR R——: God pity me for having to lie and curse myself to my ruined country. I know that Scott is on old humbug, and worn out at that, and that his heart is not in this fight. I know that he sent an "ass" to command at Manassas, who threw away the battle and ruined us all. I know that both Scott and McDowell ought to be shot for the mismanagement of that business and the awful consequences; and yet I must curse myself, seal my lips, and try to get on in the ways of crookedness, for the people will have it so. I am broken-hearted. Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

WHILE the factors that are supposed to render a long-continued peace in Europe problematical still exist, there does not seem to be any indication that the outbreak will come this summer. France is busy over her great Paris Exposition, BOULANGER is in retirement in England, Emperor WILHELM of Germany is going to make a visit to England and take a tour to the north of Europe, and Czar ALEXANDER proposes to go to Paris to see the show. There is no prospect of trouble until the crowned heads get home, at least.

THE opinion is expressed by Representative REED, of Maine, Major MCKINLEY, of Ohio, and other leaders in the House, that an extra session of Congress will be called some time in October. It is believed also by those who are most intimate with President HARRISON that this will be done. If so, then there will be some active work accomplished the coming winter in legislation, especially in a proper revision of the tariff.

WHILE it is true that politics has but really little to do either in preventing or creating business, it is certain that the assurance, given by the result of the national election last fall, that the economic policy of the government is not to be changed in the interest of foreign rather than of domestic industries has had a beneficial effect upon trade in the United States.

THE Milwaukee *Wisconsin* has "caught on" to a fact that is worthy of more consideration than it has seemed to receive:

The coming man in this moving, growing, pushing Republic is the young man. In the Senate of the Fifty-first Congress, for example, there will be at least six senators—Faulkner, Kenna, Daniel, Spooner, Higgins and Wolcott—who are yet on the sunny side of 45, and some of whom are scarcely more than 40.

THE favorable weather in the great wheat-producing states, the promise of a large yield and an early harvest, with a full acreage, form a combination of circumstances under which the price of wheat has declined somewhat, without any prospect of higher prices for an indefinite time in the future.

OKLAHOMA is all taken up, and the boomers spilling over the edges into the Indian reservations. There will be some hair-lifting if this is kept up.

HARRISON is not in a hurry about making appointments, and thereby much lessens the chances of making mistakes.

OKLAHOMA has taken a vast stride in civilization. Guthrie has organized a base ball club.

THE "PASSION" SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

There is, by common consent, one topic on which English literature is silent, with very few dishonorable exceptions. All the factors that go to make up life and experience are legitimate subjects for poet and novelist, but this. He may strike any note in the whole gamut of human passions, save one—that of the relations of the sexes. This exception is one that is in the interest of morality and decency. But few authors of any prominence have touched upon it, and they only in a subordinate way. It has been left to certain writers of the present day to boldly take up this one point, and not only use it as the principal theme, the key-note, of an entire work, but to grovel in the depths by freely discussing the most repulsive, the most disgusting features of licentiousness.

This epoch of unchastity was inaugurated by an unmarried woman, gifted with a moderate degree of poetic genius, who achieved a degree of notoriety by making human passion the theme of a number of poems. Then came a prose work by another author, also an unmarried woman, in which sensuality was confounded with pure and honorable love. A certain degree of untrained talent which the book showed, added to its bold theme, carried it far and wide, and made it the literary sensation of the hour in the United States.

Then came the deluge. A new way to public notice—not through legitimate talent, but through the discussion of subjects hitherto tabooed in literature as well as in society—was opened, and writers without one spark of genius or ability at once began to outvie one another in this scandalous school of fiction. There have been issued, within the past few months, a number of such books, each author seemingly bent on diving deeper into the filthy pool of licentiousness and bestiality. The orgies of MESSALINA, of NERO, of CALIGULA, as they have come down to us in history, are tame compared with the lurid scenes of modern bestiality which these literary prostitutes have evolved from the depths of their unclean imaginations.

These works, from first to last, are unfit for the perusal of any pure-minded woman or any honorable man. It goes without saying that they are pernicious in the last degree to the young of both sexes. There is some consideration due to the rising generation—those who will be the next men and women upon the stage of active life. There is something due to public decency. The thin excuse, that such things exist as are therein depicted, and that therefore the author is not to blame, is one that will not stand for a moment in the face of the fact that the knowledge of the depths of human depravity and criminality is not only not necessary, but it is directly detrimental. The ignorance of youth is often a safeguard. "Man is prone to evil, as the sparks fly upward;" and the knowledge of forbidden fruit leads to the desire to partake thereof, even though it turns to ashes in the mouth, like apples of Sodom. Public sentiment should awake to the dangers to morality from this flood of debasing literature, and sternly demand that it shall be stayed. It can no nothing but evil, and that continually.

AN HISTORIC CHEER.

It is under the most trying circumstances that the real heart of man is shown. When that fearful hurricane was blowing in Samoa's harbor, and every ship in it seemed doomed, the English Calliope, which alone had the engine power, steamed out in the teeth of the gale, and as she passed the Trenton, our sailors gave her a hearty cheer. That cheer has not been forgotten,

"Consider the scene," says the London *Telegraph*, "and the matchless heroism and generosity of this Yankee crew. Almost sure of instant death themselves, they could see the Queen's ship fighting the hurricane and appreciate the gallantry of the effort with the generous pleasure of true mariners. We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than the cheer of the Trenton's men. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood, the doomed saluting the saved. It was pluckier and more human than any cry raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle ship It never can be forgotten, never must be forgotten by Englishmen speaking of Americans. That dauntless cheer to the Calliope was the expression of an immortal courage."

A REQUEST.

We shall be much obliged to our readers in Pennsylvania if they will send us copies of the campaign literature circulated in that state, opposing Prohibition. We shall be glad to refute the arguments of the Rum Power, and show their falsity through our columns. Do it *at once!*

THE farmers of Minnesota are agitating methods of deliverance from the grasshopper pest. Last year that state paid $17,000 for catching these insects, the total catch being 17,000 bushels. It is better to prevent their birth than to endeavor to exterminate them in their prime, and the experiment is to be made this year of plowing up the ground wherever their eggs are found, in the hope of thus largely diminishing the crop. It would seem, if this plan proves a success, that united action on the part of the farmers of the Northwest will deliver them from the plague.

SEVERAL foolish persons have complained of a rule adopted by Secretary BLAINE that no visitors will be received at the State department after 2 p. m., each day. The people at least will find no fault with the rule. As the New York *Herald* puts it, "the first duty of Cabinet officers and their subordinates is not to see visitors, but to carry on the work of their departments."

PENSIONS COMMISSIONER TANNER is doing an excellent thing in giving Union privates and non-commissioned officers their proper share of the appointments in his control. The shoulder-strap boys have had their innings a good while; now let the men who carried the muskets have a show.

PRESIDENT HARRISON certainly stated a great truth when he declared that the government does not exist mainly "for the purpose of distributing offices." But if he can convince the office-seekers of its truth, he will have accomplished a task to which those of HERCULES were trivial.

SENATOR INGALLS makes a strong point, it must be confessed, when he says that if HALSTEAD'S rejection were intended to discourage newspaper criticism of senators, the course of the press of the country has shown that it had diametrically the opposite effect.

IT would seem that the most pressing necessity in Oklahoma, after organizing a provisional form of local government, is the appointment of relief committees to solicit aid for those who will, apparently, soon be in danger of starvation.

THE foreign trade of the United States for March shows that the exports exceed the imports. This is a proper reversal of the conditions that existed a year ago, when we were buying abroad more than we were selling.

BY the way, have you noticed that the mugwump bark, that BLAINE would be virtual President, has suddenly fallen into innocuous desuetude?

THE majority of the Oklahoma boomers seem to be in the soup.

NEW RAILWAYS THIS YEAR.

According to the *Railway Age*, of Chicago, a journal of authority in its particular sphere, there have been 66 new lines of railway, aggregating 56,436 miles of track, projected since January 1 last, of which 14,818 miles are under construction, 9,617 miles have been surveyed, and the remaining 29,001 miles are yet in the inceptive stage. A New York paper, taking the *Age's* figures, and adding thereto the mileage brought over uncompleted from last year, estimates that there are not less than 65,000 miles of railroad now building or immediately contemplated, and proceeds to comment thereon as follows:

Taking the combined capital stock and bonded debt of the roads introduced this year as averaging $30,000 per mile, this would represent a new capitalization of $1,950,000,000. And supposing the actual cost to be represented by one half that sum, or by the bonds to be issued for construction and equipment (the stock being as usual issued without consideration), it follows that the public will be asked to subscribe close upon $1,000,000,000 of money for these enterprises.

This, be it remembered, is simply speculative construction, the building of feeders by old and powerful companies on strictly conservative and economical methods having been, in a large measure, prudently suspended. This fact greatly aggravates the seriousness of this vast mass of problematical undertakings. Even though the enterprises were in response to a legitimate want and were conducted on a strictly sound financial basis, yet, coming on the heels of three successive years of unprecedented subscriptions to railroad loans, who would for a moment deem that the market could forthwith absorb in addition a sum nearly equal to thrice the amount of the last three years' issues?

It is becoming a question, as is intimated in the closing paragraph of the above extract, whether we are not, as a nation, locking up too much of our capital in railroads from which no immediate return in the way of revenue can be expected. Should the growth of the country and demands of traffic not be in proportion to the enormous extension of the railway system within the past four years, a day of contraction will inevitably come and the funds locked up in non-paying roads cannot be released when most urgently needed. The point is one that needs careful consideration. We do not wish to repeat our doleful past experience of hard times from undue railway expansion.

ARBOR DAY.

The Forestry division of the national department of Agriculture has issued a leaflet of suggestions, apropos of Arbor Day, giving brief directions for tree planting and a discussion of the proper varieties. This recommends strongly that trees native to the region shall be selected, as they are better than exotics. It also expresses the opinion that rapidly growing trees are not as good as slow-growing ones, because they do not live as long. As to size, they should be about two inches in diameter at the base. The roots should not be long exposed before transplanting, and the soil should be well loosened around them, while water should be applied sparingly at first. The sugar maple, elm, linden and red maple are recommended for the street or lawn. Arbor Day is now observed in fourteen states of the Union, which shows the rapid progress of the main idea of the day—the necessity of maintaining the equilibrium of nature in the preservation of the forests as they are, or at least by replacing those which have fallen before the woodman's ax with others that will flourish as bravely and protect as kindly as their predecessors

THE do-nothing character of the Democratic majority in the last House of Representatives is strikingly shown in the announcement by the Lighthouse board that the appropriation for salaries of the keepers of lighthouses is insufficient to pay for the entire year on the basis now allowed, and that therefore the faithful keepers of these beacons of commerce will have to suffer a temporary reduction of salary. This matter is all the more exasperating that "the deficiency was anticipated and reported to Congress," but no appropriation was made to meet it. This is simply inexcusable neglect. The Democrats during the past campaign groaned long and loudly over what they called "the decadence of American commerce," yet they had not business sense enough to make needful appropriations for the safety and convenience of what we have. This lighthouse matter is of a piece with the refusal to give the Signal Service the necessary funds—which resulted in the absolute abandonment of a number of signal stations along the stormy Atlantic coast, and the discharge of the observers there stationed, simply because there was not money enough to pay them and to maintain the stations.

THE new Comptroller of the Currency, Hon. EDWARD S. LACEY, of Michigan, has had long experience in the banking business, and four years' service in the national House of Representatives has added an experience that will be most valuable to him in his new position. Again, Mr. LACEY'S financial ideas are in full accord with those held generally in the West, and the strongest pressure for his appointment came from that quarter. He will undoubtedly be a strong and acceptable man, and a worthy successor to the place held by KNOX and CANNON, the two most valuable men who have held the position.

IT looks at last as though the Arkansas election outrages will be reached by the hand of justice. A man named WARREN TAYLOR, arrested on charge of complicity in the matter, has made a confession, implicating several prominent citizens of Conway. He charges that they, along with himself, stole the Plummersville ballot-box and burned it. It is said that warrants are out for all those implicated. Let us hope that after awhile the law shall be enabled to reach the assassin who shot Col. JOHN M. CLAYTON.

THERE is too much old corn in the country. It is estimated that one-third of the immense crop of last year yet remains in the farmers' hands. What we need more than anything else is a greater diversity of agricultural pursuits. The men who go along in the old rut, raising corn or wheat as their staple crop, are the men who are groaning that farming doesn't pay. How can it, when there is nothing raised but grain, and when the grain product of the world is greater than the world's consumption? Low prices are inevitable under such circumstances.

APROPOS of Mr. BLAINE'S remarks last summer that free trade England is "plastered over with trusts," it is said that fifteen new trusts were organized in that country during the year 1888, while so far in 1889 nineteen have already been established. We doubt if all the trusts in protectionist countries will equal the last figure. The sum of the whole matter is that trusts can flourish anywhere, either under free trade or under a tariff, and that the true remedy is restrictive legislation, not free trade.

THE one serious question for Ohio Republicans to consider is whether they are going to allow the same selfish policy which kept Ohio from receiving a Cabinet position rule in the distribution of federal offices. If the understanding is to be that none is to be appointed who is not approved by Senator SHERMAN, Ohio might as well throw up her hands at once.

IF the Republicans elect a senator in Mr. PAYNE'S place this fall there will be somebody to divide the federal patronage with Senator SHERMAN. So there would have been, for matter of that, had Ohio secured a cabinet position, but the men who are so anxious to cut Gov. FORAKER'S throat took good care of that.

"OKLAHOMA or bust," has already been changed to "Oklahoma and busted."

SOME OF THE GOOD FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S BLADE.

To-day's issue of the Weekly BLADE is full of good things. Look it over carefully, and read for yourself. The various departments especially are full of interest. The Camp Fire not only interests the veterans, but there is many a story of bravery and daring and endurance told there by men who were actors in the bloody drama of the civil war. Everything in the Camp Fire is original matter, contributed expressly for it, and printed for the first time.

The Question Bureau is a very helpful department. It is the people's cyclopedia. When a BLADE subscriber wants a piece of information he simply sits down, writes to the Question Bureau, and his answer is printed in that department. Of itself it is worth the price of the paper many times over to the family of any subscriber.

In the Household this week Miss BOUTON talks about pet superstitions, telling of some very ancient, quaint and amusing signs and omens held in different countries. Several pretty articles for home adornment are discribed, and there is some good correspondence. The young folks will be interested in what is given for their especial amusement.

Then there is the Farm, brimming with just the things the farmer wants to know to help him over his hard places. It is a department indispensable to everybody who lives in the country. On the same page is Dr. TALMAGE'S centennial sermon —a good one, that every patriotic American should read. Then comes the "News of the Week"—a compact resume of all the important events of the past week, telling those things that every intelligent person should know. Every parent should see that his children read it regularly. It will be an education in itself.

Don't forget the article on the fifth page on Prohibition in Kansas. We don't see what stronger proof can be brought that Prohibition really does prohibit, and that it is a profitable thing for any state.

☞ Don't you know some friend who would like just such a paper as THE BLADE? If you do, send us his name, and we will mail him a sample copy, and be much obliged to you in the bargain. And while you are about it you can just as well send several names and addresses, as one only.

We are always glad to send specimen copies to any one. Don't hesitate to send us names for that purpose.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Toledo Daily Blade, April 30.

To-day, at New York, occurs the celebration of the hundreth anniversary of WASHINGTON'S first inauguration. Just a century ago this government, as it now exists, was formally organized. Before that there existed

SOME SOLID FACTS

Regarding the Success of Prohibition in the State of Kansas.

That "Prohibition Does Prohibit" Can Not be Denied.

FACTS, NOT OPINIONS.

Statement by Hon. N. C. McFarland, of the U. S. Land Office,

And Rev. Dr. F. S. McCabe, a Leading Topeka Clergyman.

CHIEF JUSTICE HORTON

Will Accept the Thanks of the Blade for His Timely Contribution.

THE BLADE is in receipt of the following note from Hon. Albert H. Horton, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas:

SUPREME COURT,
STATE OF KANSAS.
TOPEKA, April 25, 1889.

The Toledo Blade, Toledo, Ohio:

SIRS—Enclosed, I have the pleasure of transmitting to you a printed statement of the beneficial results of Prohibition in Kansas. Please accept the same with my compliments. Yours, etc.,

ALBERT H. HORTON.

Accompanying the above was a pamphlet, just issued from the press, entitled, "Prohibition in Kansas. Facts, not Opinions. Statement made by Hon. N. C. MCFARLAND, late commissioner United States Land Office, president State Temperance union, and Rev. Dr. F. S. MCCABE, pastor Third Presbyterian church, and ex-president State Temperance union; and indorsed by Gov. LYMAN U. HUMPHREY, the officers of state, and the judges of the Supreme court of Kansas."

The statement is so valuable a document that THE BLADE takes pleasure in presenting it in full, with the exception of a long extract from the recent letter of Gov. HUMPHREY to this paper, recently given in its columns.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

"Facts, Not Opinions"—A Statement That is Worth a Careful Study.

We are in constant receipt of inquiries concerning the practical operation of the Prohibitory liquor law in Kansas. These inquiries come from various quarters, and they embrace a great variety of topics upon which information is sought.

From the substance and tone of many of the communications received, it is evident that gross misrepresentations have been made as to the condition of things in this state, particularly as to the extent to which the law is enforced, and the result of its enforcement in diminishing the sale and use of liquor in the state. Great misapprehension seems also to exist as to the facts respecting the effect of the law upon the business interests and the material prosperity of the state.

In order briefly to answer these inquiries addressed to us, and to correct misrepresentations willfully or ignorantly made, this statement is issued. It is mainly compiled from the most reliable and authentic sources, and it is as full as the necessary limitations of such a paper allow.

Adoption of the Amendment.

The amendment to the constitution of the state of Kansas, forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes, was adopted at the general election in November, 1880. The liquor law, enforcing the amendment, was passed in February, 1881, and it went into effect May 1st. As had been anticipated by the friends of the law, all the efforts that organization and money could employ were brought to bear in order to defeat the practical operation of the law. The liquor manufacturers and dealers, in the East and in the West, contributed liberally in support of scheme to break down the law.

Effect of Prohibition on Material Prosperity.

During the earlier years in which the law was in force, attempts were made to produce the impression that Prohibition was damaging the material prosperity of the state. Statistics show that the effect has been just the opposite in every particular. September 16, 1886, when the law had been in operation five years, Governor John A. Martin, who had not been an original prohibitionist, appealed to the facts of the census as follows:

"In 1880 the population of the state was 996,096. We had been 25 years in attaining that population. To-day Kansas has not less than 1,500,000 inhabitants. In five years we have gained half a million. In 1880 only 55 towns and cities had a population exceeding 1,000, and only six had each over 5,000. In 1885, 91 towns and cities had over 1,000, and twelve had each over 5,000. In 1880 we had only 8,868,884 acres under cultivation; in 1885 we had 14,252,815 acres. In 1880 the farms of Kansas were valued at only $234,178,936, and the farm products for that year aggregated only $84,521,486; in 1885 the farms of the state were valued at $408,073,454, and the farm products of that year aggregated $143,377,018. In 1880 the live stock of Kansas was worth only $61,563,950. In 1885 it was worth $117,811,699. In 1880 the assessed valuation of the property of Kansas, real, personal and railroad, aggregated $160,891,689; in 1885 it aggregated $248,845,276. In 1880 we had only 3,104 miles of railway; we have now 5,117 miles. In 1880 we had 5,315 school houses; in 1885 we had 6,673. In 1880 we expended $1,818,336 for the support of our common schools; in 1885 we expended $2,977,763. In 1880 we had only 346 newspapers, and 1,514 churches; in 1885 we had 581 newspapers and 2,976 churches.

"Do not these figures establish the fact that the growth of Kansas during the past six years—the six years of prohibition—has far exceeded any other period of the state's marvelous development?"

Effect of Prohibition on the Drinking Habits of the People.

In January, 1887, Gov. Martin delivered his biennial message to the legislature, and from that message we give extracts as follows:

"Three general elections have been held in Kansas since the adoption of the prohibition amendment to the constitution. At each of those elections the people have confirmed their decision against the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, by electing legislatures pledged to the support of the amendment. At the election in November last this question was a paramount issue, and again, by an emphatic majority, the sovereign verdict of the people was pronounced against the saloon.

"A great reform has certainly been accomplished in Kansas. Intemperance is steadily and surely decreasing. In thousands of homes where want and wretchedness and suffering were once familiar guests, plenty, happiness and contentment now abide. Thousands of wives and children are better clothed and fed than they were when the saloons absorbed all the earnings of husbands and fathers. The marvelous material growth of the state during the past six years has been accompanied by an equally marvelous moral progress, and it can be fairly and truthfully asserted that in no portion of the civilized world can a million and a half of people be found who are more temperate than are the people of Kansas. The public sentiment of Kansas is overwhelmingly against the liquor traffic. Thousands of men who, a few years ago, opposed prohibition, or doubted whether it was the best method of dealing with the liquor traffic, have seen and acknowledged the beneficial results and its practical success. The temptations with which the open saloon allured the youth of the land to disgrace and destruction; the appetite for liquor, bred and nurtured within its walls by the treating custom; the vice, crime, poverty, suffering and sorrow, of which it is always the fruitful source—all these evil results of the open saloon have been abolished in nearly every town and city of Kansas. There is not an observing man in the state who does not know that a great reform has been accomplished in Kansas by prohibition. There is not a truthful man in the state will not frankly acknowledge this fact, no matter what his opinions touching the policy of prohibition may have been."

Development of Kansas Under Prohibition.

The last two years have not been, in all portions of the state, seasons of prosperity. The harvests in some counties of the western half of the state have been below the average of former seasons. Yet the growth of the state has been constant, and the development of her resources and industries remarkable. The fact is shown by a comparison of the vote cast in 1884 and 1888. Both were Presidential years. The total vote of 1884 was 265,379, while that of 1888 was 330,215—an increase of 64,836. A contrast of the vote of 1880 with the United States census of that year, shows that the ratio increases with the age of the state. The vote of 1880, therefore, clearly establishes the fact that the population of Kansas is fully 1,651,000—an increase since 1880 of over 654,000, and since 1885 of 392,000.

During the past four years, twenty-three counties have been fully, and one partly organized, making a total of one hundred and six. These newly organized counties embrace an aggregate area of 19,932 square miles, or very nearly one-fourth of the total area of the state. At the date of their organization their population aggregated 66,147, and they polled, at the November election, an aggregate vote of 19,428 votes, indicating a population, at that time, of 97,140.

The increase of the area of land in cultivation, during the past four years, aggregates 6,756,873 acres; and of land taxable, 13,032,815 acres, while the assessed value of property has, during the same period, increased $116,227,941.

The educational interests of the state have kept pace with its material development. There are 1,591 more school houses and 1,969 more teachers employed than in 1884, while the value of our school property has swelled from $5,715,582 to $8,608,202—an increase of $2,892,402. The school population in 1884 was 411,250; in 1888, 532,010—an increase of 120,760. The receipts for common school purposes in 1884 aggregated $3,013,778, and the expenditures, $2,882,963; while for 1888 the receipts were $4,732,403, and the expenditures, $4,703,647—an increase of $1,718,625 in receipts, and $1,820,684 in expenditures. On the 1st of January, 1885, the permanent school fund aggregated $3,068,985.01, and on the 1st instant it aggregated $4,853,540.40—an increase of $1,784,555.39.

The Saloons Closed by Prohibition, and Crime Thereby Diminished.

It was justly stated by Governor Martin, in his message in January, 1889, that there is no longer any issue or controversy in Kansas concerning the results and beneficence of our temperance laws. Except in a few of the larger cities all hostility to them has disappeared. For six years, at four exciting general elections, the questions involved in the abolition of the saloon were disturbing and prominent issues, but at the election held in November last this subject was rarely mentioned by partisan speakers or newspapers. Public opinion, it is plainly apparent, has undergone a marked change, and there are now very few citizens of Kansas who would be willing to return to the old order of things.

Neither distilleries nor breweries exist in Kansas. Where secret selling is carried on, it is hunted from its lair, and dragged to punishment. In the very few exceptional localities in which secret selling to any important extent has been maintained, there is increasing efficiency in the enforcement of the law. The money formerly spent for liquor is now used in the purchase of provisions, clothing, books, and other articles necessary for the comfort and happiness of the people.

Gov. Martin's View.

In his message of January, 1889, Gov. Martin uses the following emphatic language:

"Fully nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas eight years ago have been abolished; and I affirm, with earnestness and emphasis, that this state is to-day the most temperate, orderly, sober community of people in the civilized world. The abolition of the saloon has not only promoted the personal happiness and general prosperity of our citizens, but it has enormously diminished crime; has filled thousands of homes, where vice, want and wretchedness once prevailed, with peace, plenty and contentment; and has materially increased the trade and business of those engaged in the sale of useful and wholesome articles of merchandise. Notwithstanding the fact that the population of the state is steadily increasing, the number of criminals confined in our penitentiary is steadily decreasing. Many of our jails are empty, and all show a marked falling off in the number of prisoners confined. The dockets of our courts are no longer burdened with long lists of criminal cases. In the Capital district, containing a population of nearly 60,000, not a single criminal case was on the docket when the present term began. The business of the police courts of our larger cities has dwindled to one-fourth of its former proportions, while in cities of the second and third class the occupation of police authorities is practically gone. These suggestive and convincing facts appeal alike to the reason and the conscience of the people. They have reconciled those who doubted the success and silenced those who opposed the policy of prohibiting the liquor traffic."

Governor Humphrey's View.

April 8, 1889, Governor Lyman U. Humphrey truthfully wrote:

"Touching the question, 'To what extent has the consumption of alcoholic drinks been diminished by prohibition?' it is difficult to procure exact information. There is no source from which authentic data may be obtained on the subject. It is a matter largely of observation and opinion, fairly expressed, doubtless, by ex-Attorney General Bradford in his last official report, wherein he states that there is not to exceed 10 per cent as much liquor sold in the state as was sold in 1880. Other officials in position to judge intelligently put it as low as 5 per cent. For instance, here in Topeka, the capital of the state, a prosperous city of 50,000, in 1880 sixty or more saloons flourished. To-day there is not a saloon in the city. The docket of the district court for this city and county, at the last January term, did not contain a single criminal case. This happy change for Topeka is more striking in the smaller cities, and yet more in the country. With the saloons closed the diminution of crime and pauperism naturally follows. Court dockets and prison records, from the lowest to the highest, attest this result."

Penitentiary.

It is a significant fact connected with the Kansas penitentiary, that the number of prisoners, when compared with the population of the state has been steadily decreasing for eight years past, and there has been an actual decrease in the number in confinement during the past two years. On the first of January, 1870, the state prisoners (not including United States civil or military) numbered 218, or one for every 1,671 inhabitants; at the same date in 1875 the state prisoners numbered 435, or one to every 1,214 inhabitants; in 1880 the number was 633, or one to every 1,573 inhabitants; in 1885 the number was 673, or one to every 1,856 inhabitants; and on the first of January, 1889, the state prisoners numbered 861, or one to every 1,921 inhabitants. On the first of January, 1887, there were 895 state prisoners confined in the penitentiary; on the first of January, 1888, there were 898; and on the first of January of the present year, 861.

The warden states in his biennial report, that more than 60,000 criminals are serving out sentences for felonies in the prisons of the United States, or about one prisoner for every 1,000 inhabitants. The same ratio in Kansas would give our penitentiary 1,651 state prisoners. We have, to-day, a total of only 861, or not much more than one-half the number of criminals per capita reported for the United States.

Taxation.

A favorite argument of anti-prohibitionists is the alleged increased expenses of maintaining courts, causing a higher rate of taxation where the policy of prohibition prevails.

Shawnee county, of which Topeka is the county seat, has but one court, the Superior court having been discontinued after it had accomplished the work for which it was created, to wit, clearing up the docket of old cases which had accumulated, many of them long before we had prohibition. Under our laws, all expenses of court are paid out of what is called the general revenue fund; also officers' salaries, keeping of prisoners in jail, and all other current expenses.

There are but two funds from which expenses connected with the enforcement of law can be paid. The salaries of the judges are paid out of the state general revenue fund, and the court costs, witness fees and keeping of prisoners are drawn from the county general revenue fund. Whatever tax is outside of these funds is purely local, and cannot be raised or lowered by an increase of diminution of crime or pauperism. Voting bonds to railroads, for school-houses, to build bridges, etc., increases the rate of taxation. Prohibition has nothing whatever to do with this. The following tabulated statement shows the levy of taxes for general revenue purposes, both county and state, in Topeka and Shawnee county, for eleven years, beginning three years before we had prohibition, giving the amount of tax on each $100 returned by the assessor, which represents about one-third of the actual value of the property assessed:

	State tax.	County tax.	Total.
1878	$ .55	$1.25	$1.80
1879	.656	.50	1.156
1880	.656	.50	1.156
1881	.50	.50	1.00
1882	.50	.50	1.00
1883	.43	.50	.93
1884	.43	.50	.93
1885	.39	.50	.89
1886	.42	.50	.92
1887	.40	.50	.90
1888	.38	.33	.71

Position of Our Courts.

March 11, 1889, Hon. John Guthrie, of Topeka, judge of the third judicial district, in delivering his charge to the grand jury, used the following language:

"It is made my duty by law to call your attention to what is commonly known as the prohibitory law. The experience of the past has abundantly demonstrated that to secure an efficient administration of the enforcement of this class of legislation for the protection of the inhabitants of the state, these laws must be enforced in good faith according to their letter and spirit. There is no middle ground for officers of the law and juries to occupy, and either every offense against this law must be speedily punished, or there is no boundary to its violations. The state has the rightful power, and it is its highest duty to enact all needful laws for the protection of the lives and health of its citizens, for the protection of society against immorality and vice. It is the duty of the state to enact such laws as may be best to protect the weak as well as the strong against the temptations of vicious tastes and habits; to stimulate habits of industry, sobriety and virtue, and to restrain the husbands and fathers from wasting the fruits of their industry and toil for intoxicating liquors, so that the families of the state may be better fed, clothed, and educated. Such are the purposes of the laws of the state forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors except for mechanical, medical, and scientific purposes. That the law has so far accomplished all that was expected of it, I think is almost universally conceded by those who are in a position to know the truth.

"There has been, it is true, an occasional attempt by persons to evade the law by clandestine or secret methods, but all such persons have been speedily arrested, tried and punished by fine and imprisonment, and their unlawful goods destroyed. The great diligence of the county attorney, sheriff and other officers charged with the duty of enforcing the laws of the state against public offenders, and the honor and integrity of grand and petit jurors in the discharge of their duties, have so crystallized public sentiment in the direction of law and order, that this court has almost been relieved from the trial of cases arising under the prohibitory law, as well as the other criminal laws of the state."

This language expresses the general position and sentiment of the courts of the state.

The Agency of Women.

As women have been among the most active and devout advocates of Prohibition in Kansas, so now their reward is in proportion to their zeal and fidelity. The conspicuous absence of the saloon is in itself a mighty factor in the interest of pure and peaceful homes. There are in Kansas thousands of boys eight years of age who have never seen a saloon, and to whom the word saloon has a meaning hardly more definite than that conveyed to them by the Hindoo word bungalow, or the African word kraal.

Effect of Prohibition on Morals and Religion.

The closing of saloons has operated powerfully in the promotion of domestic and public peace, and of morals and religion. Sobriety and order are conditions favorable to the establishment and growth of Sunday schools and churches—and the prosperity of these institutions among us is marked and indisputable. All religious denominations in Kansas are flourishing, and they are actively and successfully engaged in planting congregations and schools. As an illustration: The city of Topeka, with a population of say 50,000, has forty churches, representing some fifteen denominations. Of these churches, twelve have been organized within the last three or four years. Seven churches have been organized within a year or so. Six new congregations have built edifices within two or three years. Four congregations have built edifices within the past year. Five congregations now have edifices under way. That which is true of churches in Topeka is true to a large degree generally throughout the state.

The official reports published under the authority of the state, give the following statistics:

	Church organ's.	T'l ch. mem.	No. ch. edifices.	Tot'l val. of ch. prop.
1886	2,653	238,728	1,092	$5,518,038
1888	3,185	283,716	1,956	6,415,937

These figures show that, within the last two years, in spite of special misfortunes in a portion of the newer counties, the increase has been as follows:

In number of church organizations	532
In total church membership	44,988
In church edifices	264
In value of church property	$797,403

Re-submission as Dead as Slavery.

Under the existing conditions prevailing throughout the state, it is not strange that Governor Humphrey used the following language in his message addressed to the legislature of Kansas, January 16, 1889:

"The growth of public sentiment in support of constitutional prohibition in Kansas is steady, healthy, and unmistakable. In the last campaign no political party had the temerity to demand a re-submission of the question to the people, in the face of a popular verdict that has been repeated and emphasized every time the popular sense has been taken. As an issue in Kansas politics, resubmission is as dead as slavery. The saloon as a factor in politics, as a moral iniquity, has been outlawed and made a 'fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth,' or that part of it within the territorial limits of Kansas.

"The present legislation in aid of the prohibitory amendment is perhaps not perfect nor free from objections, but on nearly satisfactory that I doubt if public opinion demands any radical revision; and law should but be public opinion passed over into public will. Results justify the opinion. The law generally is being respected and enforced, because by a sort of educational process it is becoming identified in the public mind with other criminal statutes. This was necessary, for the reason that it was legislation denouncing as a public offense what had not been theretofore, and is not *per se*, criminal. Convictions are thus made easier where the proof warrants it, because juries and courts have come to regard the law as it is reflected in the light of public judgment. Frequent change in such a law especially tends to unsettle public confidence, and begets distrust and doubt. The records of courts and of prisons, from the city calaboose to the penitentiary, show a diminution of crime and a falling-off in our prison population, bearing the most incontestable evidence of the efficiency of the present state of the law and of the prohibitory policy which the law is designed to enforce."

Change of Opinion on the Part of Opponents of Prohibition.

Many persons who at the beginning opposed prohibition, for various reasons, have changed their opinions, and have frankly avowed the change. For example, Senator P. G. Lowe, of Leavenworth, Kas., was for several years an unyielding opponent of prohibition. The undeniable success of the movement has caused him to change his views. In an address delivered at Leavenworth, March 30, 1889, he made the following statement:

"I opposed prohibition because I believed it not the best way to deal with the evils of intemperance. I voted against the prohibitory amendment. In the state Senate I advocated resubmission, firmly believing that the people ought to have an opportunity to again vote upon that question. But my ideas were overruled by the Legislature, and laws enacted to enforce prohibition. And now, ladies of Leavenworth, prohibition is the fixed and unalterable law of the state. There is more than 100,000 majority in favor of it. Since the prohibitory amendment went in with a majority in favor of it, the state has gained 700,000 people, and it is a fact that an overwhelming majority of them came to Kansas because of the prohibitory law. The sentiment is growing stronger every day. Demagogues may sneer at the law and the police commissioners may fail to enforce it, but I tell you it is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and will never be repealed in Kansas.

"People who oppose it are becoming more and more reconciled to it every day. Hundreds of men who believed this law would prove impracticable and work more evil than good, would not now vote for its repeal for anything, and I am one of them. I have come to the conclusion that saloons are not a necessary evil, and no vote of mine will ever encourage the opening of one. I believe it to be the moral and religious duty of all good citizens of this city to lend their moral and substantial support to the police commissioners in enforcing this and every other law. It is the law of the land, made by a majority of our people, and the sooner we, as a whole and united people, support the authorities in its enforcement, the sooner the demagogues and disturbers will be out of business. I make no apologies for this speech. I speak from experience and conviction, and from my heart."

If space permitted, a hundred or more such statements could be given from prominent men who stood with Mr. Lowe in opposing Prohibition, but who, by its beneficent effects, have been converted from hostility to friendship.

In General.

We concede that the "bread-and-butter" argument is legitimate. We claim that the whole advantage of it is with us. Our advanced and liberal legislation has proven to be the best policy, and of incalculable benefit to us. Detailed refutation of all the fallacies urged against the theory of prohibition—detailed denial of all the falsehoods uttered as to the practical effect of prohibition—are equally impossible and needless. The highest court known to our law has affirmed the soundness and constitutionality of the theory of prohibition. The falsehoods respecting the practical success of prohibition in Kansas are best refuted by pointing to a commonwealth of 1,650,000 people, intelligent, sober and prosperous.

1. Without claiming for the prohibition law of Kansas perfection in detail and letter, we maintain that its purpose and intent are fully in harmony with the spirit of our free institutions. In its practical operation the law promotes the welfare and prosperity of our citizens of all classes and conditions, especially of laboring men, and of all men who are struggling by honest work to maintain their families and educate their children.

2. The law is efficiently and successfully enforced. The direct results of its enforcement are plain and unmistakable. We believe that not one-tenth of the amount of liquor is now used that was used before the adoption of the prohibition law.

(3.) In connection with other influences, the contest successfully waged in this state against the saloon has increased our population; it has enlarged our wealth, and it has powerfully advanced the material, educational and moral interests of our people. The state of Kansas is far more prosperous to-day than it has ever been at any former period in its history.

(4.) Our citizens fully realize the happy results of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor, as these results are seen in the decrease of poverty, and wretchedness, and crime, and in the promotion of domestic peace and social order—in the advancement of general enterprise and thrift. In our opinion, the prohibition law is now stronger with the people than it was when adopted. It has more than met the expectations of its warmest friends. It is steadily winning the confidence and support of thousands who were its bitterest enemies.

5. Conceding that all human statutes are imperfect, and all officers of the law are fallible—we yet positively and fearlessly declare this as our belief, confirmed by eight years' experience of prohibition in Kansas, to-wit:

The *license system*, being unsound in principle, can never be so enforced as to control and suppress the fearful consequences that flow from the drinking habits that prevail among the people. The *prohibition system*, being sound in principle, can be so enforced by a free and courageous people as to reduce to the minimum the evils of intemperance.

Greeting to Our Comrades and to Our Countrymen.

The liquor monopoly fights behind triple entrenchments—wealth, prescriptive privilege, and human passion. We remind those who, like ourselves, are struggling to dislodge this mighty force thus entrenched, that they and we have fought side by side in other days and on other battle-fields. Among us are many who charged into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell, at Shiloh and at Fredericksburg. Among us are many who bear scars received as we stood in the ranks, or served the guns, at Gettysburg. Comrades, we regard this conflict as not less patriotic, not less heroic, not less Christian, than in which, on those immortal fields, we risked all for our country and our homes.

To our old comrades in Pennsylvania—to our old comrades, wherever they toil or rest—we send greeting!

To all our countrymen now battling in behalf of liberty and humanity—whether they wore the blue or wore the gray—we send greeting!

From the fair and fertile prairies of peaceful Kansas, the bugle sounds the rally:

NOT LICENSE, BUT ONLY PROHIBITION, CAN MAKE A SOBER PEOPLE. BY THIS SIGN WE CONQUER!

N. C. MCFARLAND,
President State Temperance Union.
A. H. LIMERICK,
Secretary State Temperance Union.
F. S. MCCABE,
Ex-President State Temperance Union.
JAS. A. TROUTMAN,
Ex-Sec. State Temperance Union.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, April 16, 1889.

We have examined the statement prepared by the president and secretary, and ex-president and ex-secretary, of the Kansas State Temperance Union, upon the subject of Prohibition and its results in our state. We find it a fair, honest and true statement of our condition, and we heartily indorse it as such. (Signed)

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY, Governor.
WILLIAM HIGGINS, Secretary of State.
TIMOTHY MCCARTHY, Auditor of State.
J. W. HAMILTON, Treasurer of State.
G. W. WINANS, Supt. Public Instruction.
L. B. KELLOGG, Attorney General.
ALBERT H. HORTON, Chief Justice.
D. M. VALENTINE, Associate Justice.
W. A. JOHNSTON, Associate Justice.

TO PURIFY AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

Cuticura Remedies

Are Simply Infallible.

MY DAUGHTER, MARY CECILIA BRUNOLD, was afflicted with the worst case of eczema ever seen by the doctors who treated her. She was literally covered from head to foot with scabs. These physicians tried their best to cure her, but I believe they were only experimenting. They kept on experimenting for over ten months, but, instead of getting better, the child got worse, and I did not know what course to pursue. My wife took her, after we had paid all we could afford for medical treatment, to a medical college where there were some twenty or thirty doctors assembled, but the case baffled them all. My wife had to go every day, and sometimes twice a day. In fact, the medicine they gave her did not have time to act, even if there was any virtue in it, it was changed so often by orders of the doctors. The latter part of January, after everything had failed, and patience and money were both exhausted, I made up my mind to quit all doctoring and try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did so, and now I can say that my daughter is cured, sound in health, and well, to the surprise of hundreds.

The druggist, Mr. H. M. Krueger, corner Chauteau and Ewing Avenues, who sold us the CUTICURA REMEDIES, is as much astonished as any of us. The CUTICURA REMEDIES have worked a complete cure, and we have used but a little more than three fourths of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and a proportionate amount of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP. I am ready at any time to make affidavit that my daughter had the worst case of eczema, as the doctors all admit, ever seen in this city, and that she has been cured solely by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, after the best physicians and remedies failed.

I shall be glad to have any one call upon or write me who has a child similarly afflicted, or any person who is troubled with a skin disease, that he may see for himself what your CUTICURA REMEDIES have done. I do this in gratitude for the cure that has been effected in my child's case.

CHAS. B. BRUNOLD, 2905 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP, and BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors, and loss of hair, whether simple or scrofulous, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold by druggists and chemists throughout the world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER V.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS:—The Union forever! Hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star!
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll fade them to the last,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And the victory shall be ours, for we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

WHEN JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME.

BY LOUIS LAMBERT.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout;
The ladies, they will all turn out.

CHORUS:—And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!

The old church-bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way.
Chorus.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
Chorus.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.
Chorus.

The New Census Superintendent.

Mr Robert P. Porter has taken the oath as superintendent of census, but he will not return to Washington to commence the organization of the bureau for some time. Porter will make a very efficient chief of this important undertaking. He was one of Gen. Walker's best assistants during the taking of the last census, and then he is a born statistician anyway. He has a faculty for remembering figures which has been of great value to him in his newspaper work. During the two years he was here in charge of the Philadelphia press bureau he gave them a class of work upon the subject of protection which could have been furnished by no other man. He has made the study of a protective tariff a specialty, and is better posted on that than any other man in the country. He is a good general newspaper man too, and has proved his ability to conduct a first-class journal by the success which he has made of the New York *Press*. When it was started no one thought there was room for another morning paper in New York. He could get neither Associated nor United Press facilities, but was compelled to depend for his outside news on the press association and specials. Those who were the most kindly disposed toward the new venture said that it might hold out until after the presidential campaign was over, for it was started to sustain the doctrine of protection to American labor and American industries, but that it could not live after the election. It has lived and is to-day on a permanent foundation, so I am told, and this is due entirely to the energy, ability and good management of Porter. I am satisfied that Porter will take to the work of compiling the census, the same industry, energy and executive ability that he has shown in the conduct of the *Press*, and that he will make a thoroughly competent official. One thing you may rely upon, the census under the supervision of Porter, will be correct. There will be no flaws in the statistics either as to population, or industries, and I believe that the details will be more carefully attended to than ever before.

The Samoan Wrecks.

The treasure which was on board the United States war ship Trenton when she was wrecked at Apia during the recent hurricane there, has been recovered. The Nipsic, which was damaged in the same hurricane, will be brought to Auckland by the United States steamer Alert.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on he face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quick y, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

MAGNETO - ELECTRO CIRCLET.

Not only relieves, but permanently cures Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, and all Sexual Weaknesses.

Weighs only one oz.; easy and comfortable to wear; will work all nervous men the results are apparently miraculous. Scales' particulars free. Address, MAGNETO CO., 1267 Broadway (P.O. Box 1903), New York.

EARLY DECAY

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING, AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.

A LINGERING DEATH the reward of their ignorance and folly causes many to contemplate and even commit SUICIDE, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.

WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates, or will you accept

A CURE

and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self abuse. You will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an instrument worth its weight in gold, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 156, CLEVELAND, O. MENTION THIS PAPER.

GOOD BOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

OUR PET SUPERSTITIONS.

Most People Yield Obidience to Something of the Kind.

ALMOST everybody has some pet superstition by which he is more or less dominated. Many people are not conscious of the fact—indeed, would deny it if the matter were brought to their attention suddenly, and yet it is none the less true that in some direction there is a feeling, a thought which brought out into the cold light of what is called pure philosophical reasoning, can only be accounted for by assigning it to the realm of the mysterious. It is easy to say that only the ignorant and weak-minded are influenced by anything of this kind, but the facts do not bear out the assertion. Some of the most brilliant people that I have ever seen were controlled, sometimes perhaps unconsciously, by a belief in certain things which seemed to be without rhyme or reason. Indeed so universal is this, that I have often questioned, whether back of it all, there did not lie a law as yet unknown, from the effects of which came many of these apparent freaks of belief.

Apropos of the dislike to acknowledging the possession of any superstitions fancy, I am seminded of a friend who scouted the idea that he could possibly be swayed by any such folly, and yet a little later, I heard him making arrangements so that he need not start upon a certain important business journey on a Friday. Of course when joked upon his inconsistency, he shouldered it upon his wife, but that did not exactly harmonize with what I knew, and I could not be convinced.

NOT MADE SLAVES.

Harmless little fancies of this kind do not matter, provided their holders are not made slaves, but when they rule, compelling a most inconvenient ordering of the life, then it is indeed time to sternly resist their influence. Human beings should not allow themselves to be enslaved by any power of custom, habit, or belief, but hold themselves masters, as God's last and best creation, over everything, with infinite possibilities for future development.

Some of the old-time superstitions are very pretty and fanciful,—oftentimes amusing. Take, for instance, those in regard to plants that have been handed down through the centuries. In England the golden rod is said to point to hidden springs of water, and also to gold and silver treasures. The primrose is called the *key* flower because it has the latter property, as has also the fern seed which discloses where there is hidden gold. In Sicily a branch of the pomegranite tree is thought to have these mystic qualities, and it is regarded with reverence, while in several other countries the mandrake is believed to possess the same power.

MAGIC DIVINING RODS.

The belief in magic wands has been handed down from the long ago, and it still holds sway. In Chaldea they were made of the tamerisk; in China the branch of the peach is used, even to-day, for this purpose. The ancient Druids believed the magic rested in the apple tree, while the Italians and many others held the hazel in high respect for this purpose. Indeed there are few things which have been more written about than this of the divining rod, and in 1710, Swift says in one of his quaint writings:

"They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain magic rod
That, bending down its top, divines
Where'er the soil has gold in mines;
Where there are none it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect."

Curious as it may seem there are many people of culture who accept this superstition.

An amusing belief, in Somersetshire, is that myrtle will not take root unless she who plants it, spreads the skirt of her dress and looks proud during the planting. In this country the myrtle is considered a lucky plant, but in Prussia it is just the contrary. An oak leaf, says the author of "Folk-Lore of Plants," "is still frequently employed for invoking good luck, and in Cornwall we find the old popular formula yet in use—

"Even ash, I do thee pluck,
Hoping thus to meet good luck;
If no good luck I get from thee,
I shall wish thee on the tree."

Another belief is that if the first parings of a child's nails be buried beneath the roots of an ash, the child will become a great singer.

A funny story is told to show how the rosemary possessed the power to make old folks young again. A gouty and crooked queen mourned because her dancing days were over, so

"Of rosmaryn she took six pownde,
And grounde it well in a stownde,"

and then mixed it in water, in which she bathed three times a day, and in a little while the old flesh fell away, "and she became so young, tender, and fresh, that she began to look out for a husband."

OTHER SUPERSTITIONS.

There are superstitious connected with many other things besides plants. We are told of the dancing water which had the power of imparting beauty, and the singing apple that could give wit. It is related of Charlemagne that he fell in love with a peasant girl and was so bewitched that he neglected all matters of state. Finally she died, but to the astonishment of the court, the king was as much bewitched as ever, and sat beside the body, even after it became offensive. Finally a gold ring was discovered under the tongue of the maiden, and when it was taken away, the attraction ceased, but he seemed infatuated with the archbishop who had the ring in his possession. Finally it was thrown into a pool at Aix, and Charlemagne built a palace and monastery near and spent a great deal of his time there to the end of his life. By many it is believed, however, that he did not die, but will sleep, crowned and armed, till the time of Anti-Christ, when he will wake up and deliver Christendom.

And so we might go on indefinitely with the superstitious of different countries. Nuts are supposed to possess peculiar properties, and people carry certain kinds with them because of their alleged possession of some peculiar charm. I do not doubt but there are many of the THE BLADE readers who have about them somewhere a lucky stone, and, though they may laugh at the idea of attaching any importance to its possession, yet preserve it with religious care. A raw potato carried about the person is declared to cure rheumatism and prevent its return. I saw one which had not decayed, but had grown as hard as granite. Its owner laughingly disclaimed any confidence in its curative qualities, "and yet it is true," said he, "that I have had no rheumatism since I have carried it." It was evident that there was a grain of faith hidden away in his thought, albeit he was unconscious of its presence.

The great evil, as I said before, in an indulgence in a belief in signs and omens, is the enslaving of the mind—a worse slavery than that of the body. To fear anything is, in a way, a degradation, for it prevents one making the best of himself and his opportunities. That individual is wise, therefore, who discards these things, and refuses indulgence in any, no matter how ancient its origin, or how it has become ingrained in his consciousness. Finding yourself yielding to a popular sign, do exactly the thing it forbids, and this course persistently and fearlessly carried out will make it lose all power or influence over your mind.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

HOW many of THE HOUSEHOLD appreciate the numerous descriptions of pretty things which are given to them in each issue of THE BLADE? Most of them are moderate so far as expense is concerned, coming within the means of the large majority, and they are up with the times as to style. It is to be hoped that each member of THE HOUSEHOLD will be interested enough to send everything new which comes to her knowledge, described in a plain yet concise manner.

AN HOUR GLASS STAND.—Cut two round boards from 20 to 22 inches in diameter, fasten them together by a stick three feet long, nailed firmly to the center of each. Cover it with drapery of any description, an old curtain or new chintz, and draw the fullness in half way between the top and bottom, and secure it with a ribbon tied gracefully. This simple piece of furniture is very appropriate without further trouble, but the addition of pockets about the edge or the top in all manner of quaint designs renders it an attractive work table as well as a receptacle for sewing untensils, scissors, thimbles, spools of thread, etc. These "hour glass stands" may be covered with white cheese cloth over pink or blue cambric with charming effect; and ladies who have plenty of time on their hands, may not find it amiss to embroider flowers on the top and sides. They may also be decorated with ribbon bows.

A HANDSOME PARLOR TABLE.—An excellent way to make a lovely parlor table out of a bedroom or kitchen pine stand, is to cover the legs with plush, fastened on with closely set brass headed nails, and cover the top with satin or velvet of a contrasting color; put a plush piece across each corner, as books are bound with paper backs and leather corners. Set a row of fringe around the top with brass headed nails, and you will have a beautiful piece of furniture, whose home-made origin you may keep to yourself if you choose, for it will not be revealed by anything in the table's appearance.—MAY R. J.

A PRETTY PAPER RACK.—I will try and tell the HOUSEHOLD how I made a cheap, yet pretty paper rack. Take two thick pieces of paste-board. Have the board intended for the back much larger than the front. These boards are laced at the sides with cord from the top to the bottom of the smaller piece. Cover the paste-board with some pretty paper. Paint on the smaller piece some simple flower, and at the top of the larger piece paint these words, "A place for news."—MRS. NELLIE AMMERMAN, West Lebanon, Ind.

TO FRAME A PAINTED PLATE.—Have any of the sisters a painted pie plate, such as are used for baking pies? If so, let me tell them how I frame them, making a handsome ornament for their parlors. Procure a board half an inch thick and half a yard square. Cut a hole in the center large enough to let the pie-plate drop through to the rim. Cover the board with a layer of cotton batten, then cover with plush, of course, cutting the batten and plush to fit nicely around the edges of the round place in the center. Take a wire nail, small size, and make holes in the rim of the pie plate near enough together for the brass headed furniture tacks (which are used to fasten the plate to the board) to touch each other, thus forming a solid row around the plate. If the tacks protrude on the back, bend them over. A large cord around the edge of the plate adds much to its beauty. Hang with cord. My plates are common tin plates one inch deep. One had a winter moonlight, the other a summer moonlight scene painted on them, and the rims are gilded.—MRS J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

RICE STITCH LACE.—1st row—s 1—m 1—k 2 tog—m 1—k 2 tog—m 1—k 2; 2nd row—s 1—k the rest plain; 3rd row—s 1—m 1—k 2 together times, then m 1—k 1; 4th row—same as 2d; 5th row—s 1—m 1—k 2 tog three times, then m 1—k 2; 6th row—same as 2d; 7th row—s 1—m 1—k 2 tog 4 times—then make 1—k 1; 8th row—same as 2d; 9th row—s 1—make 1—k 2 tog 4 times—make 1—k 2; 10th row—same as 2d, 11th row—s 1—make 1—and k 2 tog 5 times—then make 1—k 1; 12th row—same as 2d; 13th row—s 1—make 1—and k 2 tog 5 times—then make 1—k 2; 14th row—same as 2d; 15th row—cast off leaving only 5 st on left hand needle—then make 1—k 2 tog—make 1—k 2 tog—make 1—k 1; 16th row—same as 2d. The border may be made wider or narrower by casting on more or fewer stitches but the number should always be odd, as 3, 5, 9, etc. If for example five stitches are cast on the rows might be continued till there were nine or eleven stitches, when all should be cast off but three, which should be knitted thus: m 1—k 2 tog—m 1—k 1. The construction of this pattern is so simple that it admits of almost as many modifications as the knitter may wish.—FLORA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME GOOD WORDS.—I have been reading the editor's "home talk" in BLADE of April 4, and think it is a sufficient argument in favor of women voting, and believe they will be allowed to vote too, before many years. Her ideas of strong-minded women are perfectly correct. Who would not be proud to be placed in the list of grand and noble women such as she mentioned in that article?

I am reminded of my own aunt who was divorced from her husband when I was very small. Her children were taken from her—three in number—and it broke her heart. She nearly lost her mind, and was under a cloud for years. Her father was well off, and able to care for her and the children, so that inability to provide could not have been the reason they were taken from their mother. After they were married she was partially compensated for her trial by living for a time with each one. I hope every reader of THE BLADE will read that article, and, girls, inform yourselves on the important questions of the day; then when the time comes be prepared to vote intelligently.

I thank the editor for all the good things she has given the HOUSEHOLD, and hope she will be spared to us for years. My daughter and I can not do without THE BLADE.

I hope some wealthy lady will subscribe for the *Youth's Companion*, or some other young folks' paper and send to Hettie B. Hibbs. I wish I was rich enough. A neighbor takes the *Youth's Companion*, and lets my daughter have the papers after her family are done with them. When we are through with them we send them to a family of several children, who could not afford to take such a high-priced paper. After they are done with them they must be too nearly worn out to send any farther.—MRS. R. R., Ames, Kas.

PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS.—I was somewhat amused while perusing the pages of a certain magazine, to find an article from a woman of fashion, saying, the "colored teas" that have been in vogue for so long were losing favor, for the reason that often the color used for table decorations did not harmonize with the complexions of many of the guests. Wonder if we could not get up a rainbow tea and have the different colors so woven out, and in, and about, that our poor sisters with complexions could distinguish their complementary colors. We have had all shades of table decorations in teas, and a wealthy friend had, two years ago, a pink tea that was indeed lovely. Pink cut glass, pink wax tapers in pink glass candlesticks made a lovely table. The ices were also pink, and the menu arranged with a great deal of pink in the different dishes. I did not write to give a description of any of these teas, as they have already been given in THE HOUSEHOLD, though for any of the sisters who have not had, or assisted in, these teas I would suggest a pansy tea, or any flower preferred.

Some years ago, when the Oscar Wilde craze was in style, we had a sunflower tea in our church parlors. In our flower teas we merely use one flower for the entire decorations of the rooms, tables, etc., and think such an arrangement far surpasses the teas where colors are used.

I have a lunch to suggest, suitable for any entertainment where money is the motive. It is likely known to many of you, but I have never seen any description of it published. Each lady taking part in the lunch must prepare as handsome a basket and as tempting a lunch as possible. I assisted in several such lunches, which were a great success financially, created quite a good deal of fun, and the handsome baskets arranged on a nicely decorated table were indeed tempting. Some of the baskets may be made of palaceremes work. I suppose you all know how to make them; I will only add, they are crocheted any size you wish—glued, put over a mold, and, when dry, varnished. Of course they may be handsomely lined with satin, plush, etc., and decorated with ribbons, but that would be quite a good deal of trouble for the occasion. You can buy tiny lunch baskets, put some ribbon bows in, and put the prettiest part of the lunch in the top, then tuck pink tarleton or any shade you wish over the top. Pink looks prettiest after night. Prepare enough lunch for two, and attach a card with your name on to the basket. Each basket is auctioneered off to the highest bidder, that being a gentleman, of course. After all the baskets are sold, the gentlemen find the owners of the baskets, and they eat the lunch together. A basket that may cost a mere trifle, will sometimes bring from five to ten dollars, if attractively prepared, and especially if two young gentlemen are bidding against each other, having an idea to whom the basket belongs.

I had intended giving some economical recipes, as I spoke of doing in another paper, but have already written a longer article than I intended as I do not wish to come often, or say too much for fear of tiring THE HOUSEHOLD readers. I came very near saying sisters, but of course a great many sisters know that we have a great many brothers who read our corner, and do you know they sometimes say, "why, here is another arrangement just like the one that was in last week." Poor fellows, some of them don't know the difference between a pink and blue lunch, and I am acquainted with a few who could not be tried to partake of "delicate victuals." We do not care how much they read THE HOUSEHOLD, but they must not make too many criticisms. I am truly thankful that my "brother" enjoys THE HOUSEHOLD and reads Miss Bouton's biographies of our good and noble sisters with as much enjoyment as myself. How pleasant it is to have a husband who takes an interest in everything in which we are interested, and who is even willing we should vote, and thinks a "strong minded" wife or daughter a blessing instead of a disgrace, and much better than a weak-minded one. Au revoir.—L. A. B.

A HOUSE TO RENT.—A lady desiring to spend a few months in travel, offers her house for rent. The experiences which replies and applications bring prove both trying and amusing, as the following extract from one of her letters will show:

"We are still in *statu quo*, like a gander standing on one leg waiting for the hatching. Are sometimes discouraged, sometimes hopeful, often annoyed, and again convulsed with laughter at some oddity who wants to see the furnished house for rent. For instance, yesterday, I saw a tall, raw-boned woman dressed in brown, all but her bonnet, which was black with nodding plumes of the same hue, come half-walking, half-pitching, toward the house; got inside of the storm door, but evidently did not know what to do next, so I went without further ceremony to let her in. She poked her head forward, (had on gold-rimmed glasses, and a squint in her eye,) reached out her hand as if to shake hands, which I avoided, for I thought her crazy, stammered something about not finding the bell, and got that all mixed up with the mud, which she was afraid she had on her shoes, but which was not visible—glided sideways into the parlor, squatted down in the first rocker, folded her hands across her breast and rocking furiously, said:

"I suppose you know what I have come for."

Hoping it was for nothing worse than renting the house, I meekly suggested that that might be her errand. She said:

"Yes; that's it. You know you wrote to me. I'm Mrs. Barry; Dr. Barry's wife; I've got so tired living in a public building, see so many people—1215 Grand avenue, fourth story front, elevator, steam heat, water and garbage drain, but 'pears like I want to get to myself a little. Have you got a good room for doctor's office?' I said I had not, that I did not think this a good location for a doctor; told her I wanted rent in advance and only a private family and no children. She said 'we're a private family and no children, leastwise I haven't—doctor is dead, in New York—we came from New York. I've been married eight years. You would not object to us bringing some of his patients to the house—say for a few days at a time?' I said I should most certainly object to having my house made a hospital of. 'Oh law, no; we ain't prepared to open a hospital yet, but will sometime; my husband is great on curing 'rheumatism and you would be mostly them kind we'd have here. Say, do you know of a lot of people we could fill up the house with?

I said I did not and that I would not have my house filled up, would not have a doctor's office in it either. She laughed a little, said she guessed she would take the house, but I must come over and see doctor.

"Oh, he's a handsome man, 58 years old, and whatever he says you can believe in. He's plain spoken, he is—he'll tell you the worst first and then you know what to expect. Yes, looking out of the window) this suits me. I'll take it, nice looking neighbor, no one but doctor and me and an old aunt, would have lots of room to rent, good place for the patients, quiet like. When could we have it?

I said I could not let her have it at all. She did not seem to hear, but went right on:

"Now, say, if we was not ready to get out when you come back in the fall, I suppose it wouldn't make any difference if we stayed awhile with you till we get a place to suit us—say for three or four months; or if doctor does well up here we might stay with you all winter. You won't want much room and shan't bring any catching diseases into the house, mostly rheumatism, and that ain't bad. We'll get along first rate together."

I told her there were two others ahead of her, and I had promised to wait on them till Monday; that if I did not succeed in renting to just the ones I wanted to I would let her know. She said she and the doctor would come over and see me; but I was very decided that she should not, and that I would certainly let her know immediately if I concluded to let them have it. I shant be surprised at any time to see her and fixtures dumped down at my door.—ELLEN.

A GOOD IDEA.—Mamma asked me which paper I would rather have, THE BLADE or the *Youths Companion*, and I said THE BLADE, because it tells how to make so many pretty things.

I am a little girl 11 years old. Mamma has given me a corner of the garden for my own.

Now if any little girl or their mamma's either have any more flower seeds of any kind, either annuals or perenuials than they want, I would be so glad if they would send me a few, and I will call it my "BLADE Flower Garden," and will report my success, should the editor be kind enough to put this in THE BLADE.

If any little girl will send me a letter with the seeds I will answer it.—GERTIE JAYNES, La Monte, Pettis Co Mo.

SHE AGREES.—Tom's wife, I agree with you in wanting things in perfect harmony. Making a formal call some time since, I saw two handsome silk-plush easy chairs, and a faded, half-cotton ingrain carpet. The contrast of the chairs and carpet was very great, and showed what class of people their owners were. Like you, I don't think that my pretty China, glass and silver are one bit too good for my family, and the latter never gives me trouble by having to be "rubbed up" when company comes unexpectedly. When company comes, I treat them no better than I do my own family.

I remember being at a place once, and having one of the children ask me if I was going to stay to tea.

"If you are," said the child, "we will have fruit-cake and preserves, and ma will get out the china and silver."

Poor little children, they like pretty things as well as anybody. People can or cannot visit upon the Sabbath just as they choose, but for my part I always remain at home, and if any chance visitors come, I make them welcome. However, when one lives in a farming or mining district, it seems that Sunday is the only day to visit, and perhaps it rests them as much to visit or entertain guests as it would others (who have more leisure during the week to visit) to remain quietly at home.—MONTANA MAY.

INQUIRIES.

Will "Lillie" please give directions in THE BLADE for knitting a toque for child four years old? Would like very much to get them.—MRS. A. L. B.

Will Mrs. Lina Arbington, Postville, Iowa, please send me some patterns in cross-stitch for ginghams? Would any of the readers of THE BLADE like some of our native cacti, or any specimens of petrified wood? Any one wishing them can have them by addressing Mrs. W. F. Kortright, Amherst, Logan county, Col.

I wise to thank Mrs. Mattie J. Rattliff for pie melon seeds she kindly sent me. Will she please send to the HOUSEHOLD when and how they should be planted, if in hills like watermelon?—M. J. HILL.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD kindly tell me something about stenography? Can it be learned without a teacher? How long will it take to acquire a fair knowledge? Please do not tell me what you hear, but if some one who knows will reply, it will be a great favor.—HOPE DARING.

This question has already been answered in the HOUSEHOLD. It would be difficult to learn it without a teacher, but it can be taught by correspondence. It would take, at least a year to become proficient. —ED.

Will some one please send a cure for hives, through THE BLADE? I have a little brother twenty months old who is very much troubled with hives.—LENA.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me of some place in California, in or near a town, healthful for weak lungs—away from the coast, of course? We have a fine ranch of 160 acres, about 30 miles from San Diego, southern California. The climate here is delightful, but as my husband is delicate and unable to carry on the work, we think a smaller place—say five or ten acres—near a town more suitable for us. We do not consider San Diego a healthful place for persons with weak lungs, though many go there, hoping to be benefited.—MRS. A. B. M., Duisura, San Diego county, Cal.

Will some reader of THE BLADE kindly tell me where to obtain the poem beginning with

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,"

or give the name of the author? Also, suggest some way of breaking a child of the habit of biting the finger nails?—ANNIE E. SPEAKMAN, box 568, Sioux City, Iowa.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is supposed to be the author of the poem.—ED.

Will some of the subscribers to THE BLADE send to an interested reader of the HOUSEHOLD some pieces for crazy work? Will Mrs. C. H. B. send her address to—MRS. L. H. COWLES, Plover, Portage county, Wis?

John Eyler, Plumville, Pa., would like to have some one to correspond with him from the Oklahoma country. Address as above.

Will some of the girl readers of THE BLADE send to me pieces of silk, satin or plush with their names, ages and postoffice addresses written on a piece four inches square? I want to make a quilt of them.—FLORENCE COLLINS, Milfordton, Knox county, Ohio.

Readers of THE BLADE who will send any specimen of pressed leaves or flowers, will kindly contribute to the adorning of my scrap book, and much oblige a reader.—MISS GRACE ADAMS, Stirlingville, P. O., Mich.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

MRS. H., let me add a few items to Mrs. E. M. D.'s advice about opening a confectionery. In one of the large Eastern cities I once entered a store. I do not know to what class it belonged, but will call it a home depot. The lady who owned it took me that five years before she was left with very little money and two small children. She opened a small candy store, making it mostly herself. It found ready sale, and she soon added to her stock in trade home-made yeast, doughnuts, and a small soft ginger cake. There was so much call for her wares that she concluded to take in a poor girl and run a sort of boys' boarding bakery. She now employs six girls and a delivery boy. At Easter she colors and decorates large numbers of eggs. Near the holidays she buys dolls and dresses them, also has little crocheted hoods and capes for dolls, canton flannel animals, balls, etc. You can order your baked beans and brown bread, your pies, cakes, bread, mince meat, yeast, ice cream, pickles, jellies, preserves, etc., of her, as she has them all. She also sells cheap books, stationery, cut flowers and plants. During the warm weather she has ice cream, lemonade and cut cake, and just before I was there she had added a circulating library and health bureau, and sold fancy work upon commission. One thing I forgot to mention was Saratoga potatoes, of which she sells quantities. She says from the first she did her best, and has but one price.—MONTANA MAY.

I want to tell those ladies who are interested in making wax flowers, that the wax can be procured in sheets at any art store, and is inexpensive. It comes in packages of twelve sheets, each sheet is 6½x3½ inches, each package contains one color. You can get any color for 20 cents per package, except the following: scarlet, carmine and carmine tints, which cost 20 cents per package. I would like to give the address of several firms but can not here. If you will write to any art store and request them to send you one of their catalogues you can then order very satisfactorily.—OHIO MATTIE.

I notice an inquiry made for an opening for young lady teachers and what salary pair, and also what grade of qualifications would be required? We would like to correspond with a young lady who is wide awake and full of energy; is religious, possesses a scientific education, music included. We pay for teaching from $25 to $40 per month in our public schools, music excepted. Anyone who can meet the approbation of the people would be sure of a ten months' school.—J. W. ALLEN, Meigs, Meigs county, Tenn.

I wish to thank the lady who so kindly sent me a box of moss and orange blossoms. I live several thousand miles from Toledo, so it would not have been possible for them to have been forwarded to me, even had Miss Bouton had my address, which she did not at that time. Your address was mislaid or I would have thanked you personally for your kindness. I assure you that Miss Bouton enjoyed them for us both. —MONTANA MAY.

Please thank the readers of THE BLADE for the kindness they have shown in answering my request for papers.—E. HADLEY, Afton, I. T.

RECIPES.

TOMATO PICKLES.—1 peck green tomatoes; 12 onions medium size; slice them, sprinkle with salt and let stand over night; not too much salt; in the morning drain well; 4 quart vinegar, 4 quart sugar; 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of French mustard; tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice and cinnamon. Put on stove all but mustard, cook slowly until tender, then skin, put mustard in and put in crocks.

COOKIES.—One egg, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of sour cream, 1 cupful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to knead soft; bake in a quick oven.

FEATHER CAKE.—Whites of 5 eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, ½ cupful of sweet milk, 1 cupful butter, 2½ cupfuls of flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in layers with frosting between.

SARATOGA POTATOS.—Shave the potatos thin, soak 1 n ice water 30 minutes, fry in boiling lard to right brown. Serve hot in folded napkin.

BOUILLON SOUP.—1½ lbs. beef, 1 lb bone, 2½ qts. water, 1 oz. salt, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 3 cloves, ½ head celery, 1 turnip, ½ parsnip. Strain and serve clear.

PORK AND BEANS.—Soak 1 qt. beans over night. Next day boil with 1 large onion. When nearly done, take out the onion and place in baking dish. In the center of the beans put ½ lb salt pork. Pour in some of the water in which the beans are boiled and bake one hour.—MRS. A. HARRISON, New Haven, Ind.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.—Having dusted the glass with a soft duster quite free from grit, in order not to scratch the glass, sponge it with diluted spirits of wine or gin, and dust over it a little very fine powder through a muslin bag; rub the glass with a light hand with the soft duster and finish it off piece by piece with silk.

MOTHS.—If furs or apparel be inclosed in a box with a little oil of turpentine they will remain free from the larvae of moths.

TO MEND CHINA.—Mix together equal parts of fine glue, white of eggs and white lead, and with it anoint the edges of the article to be mended; press it together and when hard and dry scrape off as much of the cement as sticks about the joint. The juice of garlic is another good cement and leaves no mark where it has been used.—TOUCH-ME NOT.

EGGS IN CREAM.—Boil 6 eggs for 20 minutes. From 1 pint of milk take ½ cupful and mix with a generous tablespoonful of flour until it is smooth, and as soon as the remaining milk has been heated to the boiling point the mixture is stirred into it. Pepper and salt may then be added and the sauce boiled for three minutes. Then lay six slices of toast on a hot dish and upon each is spread a layer of sauce, then part of the whites of eggs cut into thin strips, and then part of the yolks, rubbed through a sieve. This operation is repeated, and finally a third layer of sauce is spread. The dish must be placed in the oven for three minutes, and afterward may be garnished with parsley.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ANTOINE, ARK.	Ada Franklin,
George Denison	Carl Parks,
WA KEENEY, KAS.	Geo. Gibbs,
Neil B Dieterich	James Casey,
LITTLE RED, ARK.	Edward Rabbitt,
Willie W Tower	James E. Barr,
Viola M Tower	Clyde Williams,
Reuben T Tower	John Horace,
Malissa A Tower	Stella Heckel,
WOODBINE, IOWA.	Minnie Creamer,
Nellie Dale	Jay Baker,
Ida Hunt	Charlie Barbour,
Bessie Beedle	John Weaver,
Eva Dale	Lonney Wiseman,
Anna Laura Cadwell	Eddie Green,
Lida Children	Free Morrow,
Charlie Deputy	Millie Faloon,
NUEVO, CAL.	Addison Hemer,
E. May Williams,	Charlie Crum,
Charlie C. Williams,	Frank Horne,
EAST BRADY, PA.	Willie Risher,
Mammie V. James,	Charlie Willison,
Fannie Flemming	Rosa Menser,
Thos. Filson,	Gertie Law,
Ethel Graham,	Arthur Law
Lottie Irvin,	FAIRMONT, NEB.
Abbie Alter,	Hattie Chapin
Ida Mays,	Mason Chapin
Lulu Lander,	Lizzie Loomis
Allie Bumgarner,	Roxy Ammerman
Addie Stanley,	Tommy Ames
Naomi McCune,	Amy Loomis
John McCune,	Lillie Goodsell
Harry Crum,	Clara Cole
Henry L. Stephenson,	Pearl Hodgson
Willie Blakely,	Frank Keegan
Annie Meyfbin	RICE LAKE, WIS.
Libey Criswell,	Jennie S Whitaker
Jennie Thomas,	Mary Vine
Theresa Costello,	Mattie Selleck
Cora Menser,	Ella Porath
May Mitchell,	Anna Schesvold
Ollie Shields,	Anna Gustafson
Ella Mays	Ole Moe
Craig Hunter,	Olaf Setter
James Filson,	Alfred Setter
James Montgomery,	Gertie Vine
Billie Chung,	Caesar A Nichols
Howard Bell,	Wilson H Nichols
George Menser,	John F Nichols
Sam'l. Parks,	Hilda Anderson
Willie Chasterman,	Ida Porath
Blanc Elder,	Belle Washburn
Milie Longwell,	Merton Whitaker
Anna Blakely,	

Names this week, 101. Total 26,533.

The above embraces all names received up to April 25.

LULLABY LAND.

When the golden sun is going to rest,
And the pretty pink clouds cuddle close to his breast,
And the evening wind stirs the flowers about
To see if they're getting their nightcaps out,
Then the angels peep from the stars on high,
And call to the clouds, that go sailing by,
"Come, bear us away on your fleecy car
To Lullaby Land, where the babies are;"
So the angels come down in their snowy ships,
And they press their fingers upon their lips,
And softly they enter and quietly stand
At the gate that opens to Lullaby Land.

* * * * * * * * *

And now the sun is clear out of sight,
He has put on his cloud cap and said "good night."
And the angels softly enter the room
And touch the cheeks, in their peachy bloom,
And close the eyes that will peer out,
To see if their mammas are still about.
And all night long their watch they keep,
The beautiful angels of love and sleep,
Their white wings folded, a heavenly band,
To guard the babies of Lullaby Land,
Till the morning comes and the dawn clouds break
And the Lullaby Land fades to Wide Awake.

—*Mary Bissell Waterman.*

GRANDPA'S APRIL FOOL.

BY CLARISSA POTTER.

SHREDDED salt cod it was, that filled the pretty scalloped soup tureen on the Atwoods' breakfast table that last day of March. Flaky and white and perfectly cooked were the tender shreds smothered in a gravy of thickened sweet cream; but codfish is codfish, and when Grandpa Atwood had been helped to a generous plateful of this breakfast dish, he slowly crushed the brown coat from a hot roasted potato, letting its mealy white flesh and his gravied fish grow cool, while a far-away look came into his kind face.

"What is it, Grandpa?" Chester's and Jamie's mamma asked, dropping a lump of maple sugar into the old gentleman's coffee cup and pushing the cream jug close to his plate; "is not your breakfast cooked to suit you?"

"Yes, Mary; bless you, child, yes; your breakfasts are always fit to set before a king. But I was thinking of olden times; how we boys used to catch great speckled beauties of trout from this river, and of the big blue platter heaped with the delicious, pink-fleshed fish that mother used to bring on to our breakfast table, fried to a crisp brown with slices of salt pork rolled in egg and corn meal. We boys thought nothing quite so appetizing as that fried fresh trout, and I would give a deal, now, for a taste of its pink meat—but the last one was caught above the dams on the river, years ago!"

Chester glanced up quickly. To-morrow was April Fool day, and, oh! what fun if Jamie and he could play on Grandpa Atwood one good big "April Fool," for the old gentleman had always been too smart for them, turning their poor little tricks on to themselves, although they had tried every smart joke—and those not so smart—of which they had read or heard.

Last April they had put the very saltiest of cucumber pickles—one they had kept under brine in the beef barrel for weeks—on the tip-top of their mother's nice pickles that heaped the salad dish on the dinner table, and Grandpa always helped first, and that beautiful and green-looking pickle he must take, it being on the very top; but could mamma have guessed and warned him and every one else about the table? every other pickle went out of that dish, all but that one, and Grandpa, reaching over, cut its crisp, green flesh in two, helping Jamie and Chester to its halves, and they choked down the bitter salt slices, too proud to acknowledge that they had attempted an "April Fool."

This year they would take mamma into their confidence, and perhaps—it was just possible—they might steal a chance to gleefully, triumphantly shout in Grandpa's ears, "April Fool! April Fool!"

"Mamma!" they eagerly cried the moment the table had been cleared and they were alone in the kitchen, "can't we stuff the brown shells of two nice roasted potatoes with cotton to-morrow morning and let Grandpa help himself to them at breakfast! Every year he has turned all our April Fools on to Jamie and I, and to-morrow we do want to outwit him if we can!"

But Mamma Atwood shook her head.

"My little boys do not want to be smart enough to cause Grandpa any annoyance or disappointment, I am very sure," she answered; "but if you can plan any nice way to surprise Grandpa and I, and to-morrow be the first to wish him a happy April Fool that will give him pleasure and not annoyance, I am willing to help all I can."

The boys' sharp ears heard a pair of slow, halting feet crossing the east room on their way to the kitchen, and with a quick scurry, two little pairs of boots whirled on their heels and were half way over the crust to the barns before Grandpa's door opened.

"Mamma never'll let us tack his slippers to the floor in front of his arm chair, for fear he might trip and stumble, so that bright little plan of yours must be counted out," Chester said when they were inside the great red double doors.

"A nice way to surprise Grandpa," that is what he said. O, dear! I believe all the April Fools we have ever tried have not been that kind of a surprise at all, and, I never thought of it before, but are not nearly all the fools people play on each other the First of April uncomfortable kind of tricks! I wish we could plan something that mother would help about so Grandpa the best April Fool of a surprise out!"

"Chester, I've thought of something!" and Jamie faced round from the slat ladder he was climbing to the scaffold under the eaves. "You remember those men that went up the intervale road with a drill, chisel, last week? Well, Colby said they went on to the river opposite father's tenacre back-lot and cut a dozen holes through the ice to fish for pickerel. Fred says that now and then a pickerel can be caught from our old river, but not often. He thinks those men went home without so much as a bite, but the holes they chiseled are still in the ice, only skimmed over, and, perhaps, if mother would let us set lines in them, we might, just possible, you know, catch a pickerel for Grandpa's breakfast to-morrow morning. It wouldn't be trout, but it would be lots nicer than salt cod, and we would cover the fish nappy so he would think he was to be helped as usual to shredded cod in cream gravy."

"O, Jamie! that would be fun! We would get mother to cook the pickerel just as Grandpa's mother used to fry trout, and how he would stare at his plate when he found it held a great delicious slice instead of salt cod-coddie!" And Jamie's stub-toed boots began backing down the ladder to run a quick race to the house.

A slam and a banging hasp of the heavy swinging doors, a crunching of two pairs of scudding feet on the frozen crust, a rush across the porch threshhold and Mamma Atwood, coming from the pantry with her paus of kneaded bread sponge, met the stampede of noisy boys and knew eager questions were coming.

"Set lines and hooks in the eight-inch holes already cut through the thick ice on the river skirting our back intervale?" Yes, boys, if you will not venture on the river beyond the fishing holes and come home as soon as your lines are set. But what do you expect to catch from this part of the Kennebec, where nothing but chub and minnows hatch and a dozen dams to keep large fish from coming up stream?"

"Mimove, of course, mamma!" and then the boys ran off in high glee to hunt for reels or fishing twine and a dozen sharp, barbed hooks that they weighted and fastened to as many stout lines of twisted strands of linen.

A quick half mile run on the crust across the hills brought them to the deserted fishing holes that Fred had discovered. They dropped a baited hook into each of these holes, letting the line fall into the water several feet and securely fastening its upper end to a stout pole laid across the narrow black chasm.

"We must come and look at the lines the moment we are out of school," Chester said, letting the last hook slip down over the green wall of ice; "for, if a fish should bite, it would be very cruel to keep him here in torture."

School dragged that day. The teacher's patience was sorely tried, but she did not know that a big silver-tinned pickerel was continually flopping his glistening sides between the Atwoods boys' eyes and their books.

"Do you suppose there is a fish at the end of one of those lines?" Jamie panted, pausing at the top of the last hill to take breath and look across the white stretch of fields, down on to the river dotted at its bend round the point on the intervale, with a dozen narrow dark lines where their poles lay on the ice across the fishing holes.

"Come on, and we'll see! You may pull in the six lines to the right and I the half-dozen at the left," Chester answered

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE'S CENTENNIAL SERMON.

No Nation in a More Glorious Condition Than the United States—The Cause of the American Colonies and the Great Revolution—Different Varieties of Lies.

BROOKLYN, April 28.—At the Tabernacle to-day the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon appropriate to the coming centennial. His text was II Kings vi. 17: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." He said:

As it cost England many regiments and two million dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Assyrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? there is a whole army come to destroy you. We must die, we must die."

But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there was 50,000 Assyrians against him there was 100,000 angels for him; and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted land servant, the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire; and warriors of fire with brandished sword of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

I have often spoken to you of the Assyrian perils which threaten our American institutions, but now as we are assembling to keep centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington, I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of Divine rescue.

The Chariot of Fire.

You will notice that the Divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the Divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and commissioned fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escapes. Chariot of rescue? yes, but chariot of fire. All our national disenthralments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through triumphant the individual rises. Through triumphant nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire.

But how do I know that this Divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and eight years. The American revolution started from the pen of John Hancock, in Independence Hall, in 1776. The colonies without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies and the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders, the resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the jealousies at small successes, and through the surrender of Washington at all their predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha, surrounded by the whole Assyrian army, did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies.

The green and white mountains of New England, the highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re enforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American President was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like; and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be another such exigency. He was let down a Divine interposition. He was from God direct.

I do not know how any man can read the history of those times without admitting that the contest was decided by the upper forces.

The Significance of the Civil War.

Then in 1861, when our civil war opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large states against small states. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of many generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battle-field in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest, on the Southern side was a man in mid-life, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet we are a nation, and we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds on Lookout mountain; but there was something higher than that.

Again the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this nation in 1876, at the close of a presidential election famous for devilish ferocity. A darker cloud yet settled down upon this nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States, seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savanah, Savanah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected; others said Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the North and the South and the East and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this nation. In the awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln, when there was a prospect that greater slaughter would open upon this nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put his foot on the neck of the cyclone.

The Splendid Condition of the United States.

To prove that God is on the side of this nation, I argue from the last eight or nine great national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century—epidemics very exceptional—and from the great revivals of religion, and from the spreading of the church of God, and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Edenization which promises that this whole land is to be a Paradise where God shall walk in the cool of the day.

If in other sermons I showed you what was the evil that threatened to upset and demolish American institutions, I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course God works through human instrumentalities, and this national betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost impossible now to have illegal voting.

There was a time—you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on election day and from poll to poll, and voted here and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or, if there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the state, and how long I have resided in the ward or township, and if I misrepresent, fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step further needs to be taken and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink or cash paid down, the suspicious cases obliged to put their hand on the Bible and swear their vote in, if they vote at all. So through the sacred chest of our nation's suffrage redemption will come.

God also will save this nation through an aroused moral sentiment. There has never been so much discussion of morals and immorals. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, discoursing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own, preaching eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrust in the face of this nation as never before, and to take a part in our political contests. The question of national sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every legislature and every House of Representatives and every United States Senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to whelm home and church and nation: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartedness as large as the shadow of a house fly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water, fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

The Army Arrayed Against the Cause of Sobriety.

When the army of Antigonus went into battle his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the general and said to him: "Don't you see we have a few forces and they so many more?" And the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with indignation and vehemence: "How many do you reckon me to be?" And when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety, it may sometimes be very discouraging, but I ask you, in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is his name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and the mountains are full of them.

You will take without my saying it that my only faith is in Christianity and in the upper forces suggested in the text. Political parties come and go, and they may be right and they may be wrong; but God lives, and I think he has ordained this nation for a career of prosperity that no demagogism will be able to halt. I expect to live to see a political party which will have a platform of two planks—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When that party is formed it will sweep across this land, like a tornado I was going to say, but when I think it is not to be devastation, but resuscitation, I change the figure and say, such a party as that will sweep across this land like spice gales from heaven.

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories, manufactories of lies, and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies out and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks and feet as swift as an antelope's and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a presidential campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in such times. I should be worse than astonished or dazed, his hand on his pocketbook, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German, and Italian, and Swedish, and French papers translate all the lies to put the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

The One Remedy for a Great Evil.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every year or every four years, must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a national religion.

There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the state, and is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of $75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people or twenty people or ten or two.

We want no such religion as that, no such national religion; but we want this kind of national religion: the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized, and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God and that this is his book and that he has the strength and the honesty to fulfill his promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counselors said was impossible, and I have to tell you today that man's impossibles are God's easies. "Hath he said and shall he not do it? Hath he commanded and will he not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot-box, of every school-house, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain. This nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Never since, according to John Milton, when Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn out governments of Europe. On the other the Pacific ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent ten thousand five hundred miles long, seventeen million square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred million more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of the inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the redwoods of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her Savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population of 100,000,000 beyond all numbers? Who shall have the hemisphere? You said I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and national movements.

Ah! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon—the youngest of us. But we have anxiety about the welfare and happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulcher, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden.

An Illustration Full of Suggestiveness.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch tower of Pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower, cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plastering, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering; and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches, and our schools, and our asylums, and our homes of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and he was the sculptor of all its grandeurs, and long after, through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries, all other names shall be obliterated, the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by his grace from all its sorrows and all its crimes.

Have you faith in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after the war chargers have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses, God could do it without us, but he will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of his wound, for as to-day he throws out his arms towards us he says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hand." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you seek our national welfare.

Some time ago there were 4,600,000 letters in the dead letter postoffice at Washington—letters that lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all clear for the ascent of your applications heavenward in behalf of this nation. Before the postal communication was so easy, and long ago, on a rock one hundred feet high on the cost of England, there was a barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out at sea, were the words, "Dead Office." and when ships came by, a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits of affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm tossed sailor, homesick, got message of kindness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our national prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers going up meeting blessings coming down! Postal celestial, not by a storm struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

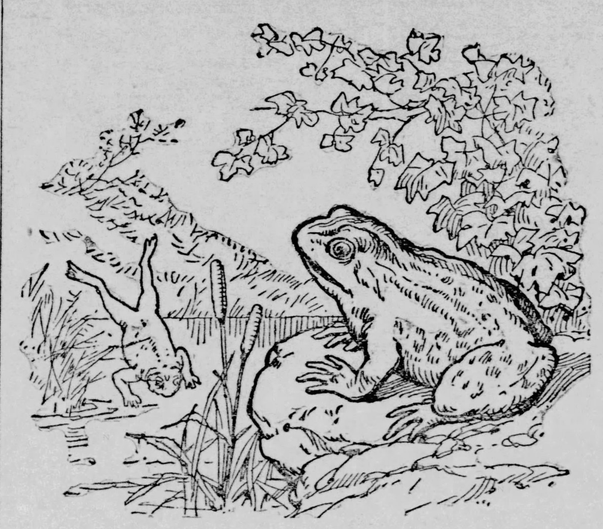
THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On April 21, in New York city, Rev. Chas. R. North, a well-known Methodist Episcopal clergyman, aged 43; in New York city, Alexander Henriques, vice president of the Stock Exchange.

On April 22, in Ogdensburg, N. Y., Major William Wheeler, United States superintendent of repairs for the ports of New York and New England; in New York city, Don Sebastian Lerdo De Tejada, ex-President of Mexico, aged 64.

On April 23, in Washington, ex-Congressman E. John Ellis of Louisiana, aged 48; in Waukegan, Ill., Elijah M. Haines, ex-Speaker of the Illinois House, and prominent in political circles.



"There was a frog who lived in a spring,
He caught such a cold that he could not sing."

Poor, unfortunate Batrachian! In what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice among those who belong to the "genus homo" is utterly spoiled by "cold in the head," or on the lungs, or both combined. For the above mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and throats in tune by a timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh in the Head, no matter of how long standing, while for all laryngeal, bronchial, throat and lung affections, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is positively unequaled. It cures the worst lingering coughs and builds up the flesh and strength of those who have been reduced by wasting diseases. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets
SIZE OF PELLETS.
Dr. Pierce's Pellets
PURELY VEGETABLE!
PERFECTLY HARMLESS!
Unequaled as a LIVER PILL.
Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Indigestion and Worms.

W. M., Camp Point, Illinois: We think your dog is suffering from worms and indigestion. Then take of santonine, 4 grains; sulphuret of iron, 2 grains; sugar of milk, 20 grains. Powder and mix. Make into a ball with syrup. After three hours give him 1½ tablespoonfuls of castor oil. Repeat the above after three weeks. In the meantime mix with syrup 1 grain ginger, 1 grain gentian, and give this much once every four days until 4 doses are taken. Do not feed the dog any corn bread for a month. Table scraps, vegetables, bread and milk is a good variety.

Indigestion in Dog.

R. H. C., Bangor: Your dog has indigestion. Give him two tablespoonfuls of castor oil. After this give for five times: Gentian, 1 oz.; ginger, 1 drachm. Make into a pill with syrup. Feed as directed in answer to W. M., this issue of THE BLADE.

Dynamite on the Farm.

J. V., Yoke postoffice, New York: Yes, we shall be pleased to give the readers of THE BLADE FARM an article from your pen on the use of dynamite on the farm.

Sweeney.

J. W. D.: Examine your horse's foot for corns, also see if there is heat in the foot or signs of contraction. The trouble may be in the foot, which is nearly always the case, instead of in the shoulder. If he can not advance the leg, but rather drags it forward, and in doing so attempts to swing the leg forward, the shoulder is very likely the cause of disease. If the shoulder, give the animal a physic of 3 drs. of powdered aloes and 1 oz of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this operates rub the joint of the shoulder and a space of four inches around it with red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1½ oz; clip off the hair and rub in a piece of this every night, about the size of a hulled walnut, and wash off with warm water and soap in the morning, until there is a free watery discharge. Then heal with unsalted lard, and after a week's time, repeat. There is no use whatever in rubbing on the blade of the shoulder. At the joint is where the trouble is. If there at all, as the muscles concentrate there, and in shoulder lameness, become atrophied. The horse should have a month's rest.

Indigestion—Rheumatism.

U. S. Y., Peach Tree, North Carolina: Your cow is suffering from indigestion and rheumatism. Give her ½ lb. of salts in 1 qt. of warm water in which thereas stirred a cupful of molasses and a full teaspoonful of ginger. After this operates, give her in gruel once every third day until three doses are given, four of sulphur, 7 ozs.; ginger, ½ oz; sulphate of iron, 1 drachm. Rub along the small of the back, oil of turpentine, 1 oz; laudanum, ½ oz; sweet oil, 4 ozs. Rub this in well and blanket the animal well over the small of the back.

Sweeney In Both Fore Shoulders.

A. S. L., Effingham, Illinois: If the shoulders of your mare are thoroughly wasted or atrophied, there is no way of restoring the muscles. Read answer to J. W. D. as to examination. If the trouble is in the shoulders, rub joint of shoulders and around them with oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; spirits of camphor, 2 ozs. This must be rubbed in well with friction. Give inwardly powdered nux vomica, 1 dr.; gentian, ½ oz., night and morning for about five days.

Horse Walks Spraddling—Unnatural Urine —Subject to Scours.

J. L., New Mexico: Give your horse a cathartic of 12 ozs. of raw linseed oil. After this give powdered chalk, 1 oz.; laudanum, 1 oz. every three hours for three times, in a quart of flour gruel. Follow this with bi-carbonate of soda, ½ oz.; saltpetre, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains, once a day for four days. Give him now but the sweetest of hay, oats or corn. The animal acts as if he had gravel, or stone in the bladder. If this be the case, a veterinary should be consulted. If scouring occurs after giving the above, repeat the chalk and laudanum. The dose may be doubled in a severe case. The action of the bowels must be returned to their normal condition, and any food that is calculated to cause soreness will renew the trouble.

Mare That is About to Foal Swollen About the Udder and Abdomen.

F. R., Yyslanta, Michigan: We hardly think your mare has a pronounced case of farcy. Some mares swell in the way you describe when with foal. We advise you to give but little medicine. The rowel you put in her breast was of no manner of use. Keep her bowels open with bran mashes, but be careful not to let her run into diarrhœa. Give her half an ounce of saltpetre in drinking water twice a day for four or five days, and after that once every two days for a week. After she has had her colt the swelling will very likely disappear. If not, write us, when the case will be taken in hand. There is too much doctoring of mares in foal. Nature generally works the matter out properly. Sometimes when constipation exhibits itself a little raw linseed oil may be given with advantage.

Sore on Horse's Leg.

T. S. M., Dawson, North Dakota: The sore on your horse's leg that will not heal may be prevented from doing so by injury to the bone. If this be so the leg must be opened up by a veterinary, and the unhealthy bone removed. We advise you to take a sharp knife and draw it right down through the sore spot, to the depth of a sixteenth of an inch cut, or scarify, closely together down the sore from one side to the other. After this poultice for three or four days with warm linseed oil poultices, on which are spread burnt alum, charcoal, and a little laudanum. Each morning wash the sore out with warm soapsuds water, in which put a few drops of carbolic acid. After poulticing thoroughly, if there is any proud flesh left, touch it with a stick of nitrate of silver and dress the part with vaseline; continue touching the proud flesh with the nitrate of silver until the sore is healthy. The swelling may be removed by cutting the hair from around the sore and rubbing on the skin iodine, 2 drachms; lard, half an ounce well mixed. There may be callus in the sore, that will prevent healing. If so, it must be cut out. Give the above a fair trial and if there is no unhealthy bone, or callus formation, it will certainly heal.

Figs Weak in Back.

W. H. L., Brown county, Illinois: Your pigs that are but a week old may have come from a sow of a family of inbred hogs. This is one cause. Another is the food given to the sow. If it is not of the best the pigs will be affected. Little pigs that gorge themselves with milk also get weak backs. By giving each little pig a teaspoonful of castor oil for one dose and rubbing half a teaspoonful of turpentine on the small of the back once a day for four or five days, the pigs affected may recover. It is a difficult matter to treat pigs so young. Keep the pigs in a warm place, or they may suffer from rheumatism. See answer to M. S. M. Feed the sow some of the medicine recommended to the same. It is excellent to give tone to the pigs.

Scours in Hogs—Bleeding at the Nose.

M. S. M., Bancroft, Neb.: You are feeding your hogs too much corn and mush, which overheats them, causing bleeding at the nose and scours. Food of this kind should not be fed day after day, especially if it is allowed to sour, as it will then cause scours. To cure the scours, take of powdered chalk, 1 lb.; carbonate of soda, 1 lb.; gentian, powdered, ½ lb.; anis-seed, ¼ lb.; fenugreek ½ lb. Mix and give a tablespoonful in food to each hog every time it is fed. Put a little charcoal and salt in the food for several days. We advise you to change the food for at least two weeks.

Roup in Fowls.

"Subscriber" (no state) asks for a remedy for roup in fowls that was published in THE BLADE FARM. We have given several remedies for roup at different times, and it would be a difficult matter for us to run back over the files of THE BLADE to look them up. In writing about anything that appeared in this department always mention the date of the paper in which it appeared. Here is a remedy from the *American Agriculturist*: It is not wise to try for more than ten days to cure a roup case. If by that time it is not much better there is little hope of recovery and it is more merciful to have the chicken killed. I have found most hopeless the roup that brings a curd-like lump under the eye; and most hopeful that with spots on the throat. Birchromate of potash is very efficacious as a remedy for chicken diphtheria, yet as it is for people. It should be the strongest powder for this use sold in pharmacies, given dry on the tongue, in doses as large as a medium sized pea. A good course for treatment for roupe is four times in 24 hours to give a dose of the above, and, a few minutes after, to wash head, throat and nostrils with chlorinated soda water, carbolic acid water or weak vinegar, and, if the patient will not voluntarily eat, some gruel with meat and onions in it, and a little milk punch should be given it a little later. Kerosene oil is a powerful remedy in roup, but horribly harsh. It will clear out canker, but its use is a torture to invalid and nurse. There should be drinking water, with iron in some form in it, always near roup cases, and if the chickens will not take it they must have it given them, and the same warmth, cleanliness, cheerful light, good food and milk that we need in throat diseases are necessary in the care of roup. One will probably be laughed at for tending chickens so carefully, although on a farm it would often make a difference between a good year and a bad one. Most cases of roup in well kept yards come from newly introduced poultry and it is wise to keep fresh importations apart from the other stock for at least a week. The Douglass mixture is capital to use in all the chickens' drinking water through the winter. In that case they need an extra quantity of green food. On the patient convalescence will depend their future strength and they will need tonics and protection from the other chickens' bullying.

To Raise Mushrooms.

J. O. K., Wadsworth, Ohio: The *American Gardener's Assistant* gives the following complete rules to raise mushrooms. One was given once before, and it should be kept, as we cannot publish it again: The methods of procuring and propagating spawn, and of farming mushroom beds, are numerous. Indigenous spawn may be collected in pasture lands in September or October, or it may be found in its strength and purity in the paths of mills worked by horses, or any other place where the animals are collected. It is frequently found in old hotbeds and dunghills in the summer season, and mushrooms of good quality may often be seen beginning to form on the surface, like large peas. When these are absorbed it is time to take out the spawn, which is generally in hard dry lumps of dung, the spawn having the appearance of whitish coarse pieces of thread. The true sort has exactly the smell of a mushroom. If spawn cannot be collected be required for immediate use it may be planted in the beds at once, or it will keep three or four years if laid to dry with the earth adhering to it, and afterwards placed in a warm, dry shed where there is a current of air; but if it be not completely dried the spawn will exhaust itself or perish, as it will not bear the extremes of heat, cold or moisture. If spawn cannot be collected be required for immediate use it may be planted in the beds at once, or it will keep three or four years if laid to dry with the earth adhering to it, and afterwards placed in a warm, dry shed where there is a current of air; but if it be not completely dried the spawn will exhaust itself or perish, as it will not bear the extremes of heat, cold or moisture.

Beds should be simply heaps of animal dung and earth so tempered as to be capable of producing and preserving spawn, but in order to have fruitful spawn at all times it should be so formed as to be always at command. To this end, a quantity of fresh horse droppings mixed with short litter should be collected. Add to this one-third of cow dung and a small portion of good earth to consolidate it together, and the whole into a thin compost, like grafting clay; then form it in the shape of bricks, which being done, set them on edge and frequently turn them until half dry; then with a dibble make one or two two holes in each brick and insert in each hole a piece of spawn the size of an egg; the bricks should then be laid where they can dry gradually. When dry, lay dry horse dung on a level floor, six or eight inches thick; on this pile the bricks, the spawn side uppermost. When the pile is snugly formed cover it with a small portion of fresh, warm horse dung, sufficient in quantity to produce a gentle glow through the whole. When the spawn has spread itself through every part of the brick the process is ended, and they may be laid up in any dry place for use. Mushroom spawn, made according to this receipt, will preserve its vegetating powers for many years, if well dried before it is made up; it almost it will grow and soon exhaust itself.

Mushroom-beds are often formed in ridges in the open air, covered with litter and mats, so as to prevent heavy rains exciting a fermentation, and sometimes in ridges of the same sort, under cover, as in the open sheds of hot-houses. They are also made in close sheds, behind hothouses, or in houses built on purpose, called mushroom-houses. A moderately warm, light cellar is peculiarly suited for the purpose, in the winter season, as no fire is necessary, and little water—the application of which frequently proves injurious when not judiciously managed. Mushrooms may also be raised in pots, boxes, hampers, etc., placed in warm situations; also in old beds, in pits with glazed frames, and in dark frames or pits.

The general way of making mushroom-beds is to prepare a body of stable dung, fermented, about a yard in thickness, more or less, according to the size and situation in which the bed is to be formed. When the strong heat has subsided, an inch of good mould may be laid over it, and the spawn planted therein in rows five or six inches apart. After this is done, another layer of mould an inch thick may be added, and then a coat of straw. Beds well-constructed will produce mushrooms in five or six weeks, and will continue to produce for several months, if care be taken in gathering not to destroy the young ones. As mushrooms are gathered from time to time, the straw should be spread carefully over the bed.

Beds made in a convenient place, where there is space all around, may be formed so as to make four sloping surfaces, similar to the roof of a house, which, by being spawned on the four sides will yield abundantly. The celebrated Mr. Nichol makes his beds without spawn. The following are his directions, taken from London's "Encyclopædia of Gardening":

"After having laid a floor of ashes, stones, chips, gravel, or brick-bats, so as to keep the bed quite dry and free from underdamp, lay a course of horse-droppings six inches thick. These should be new from the stables, and must not be broken, and the dryer the better. They may be collected every day until the whole floor or sole be covered to the above thickness; but they must not be allowed to ferment or heat. In the whole process of making up the bed should be as much exposed to air as possible; and it should be carefully defended from wet, if out of doors. When this course is dry, and judged to be past a state of fermentation, cover it to the thickness of two inches with light, dry earth; if sandy, so much the better. It is immaterial whether it be rich or not; the only use for earth here being for spawn to run and mass in. Now lay another course of droppings, and earth them over as above, when past a state of fermentation; then a thin course, which, in like manner, earth all over. This finishes the bed, which will be a very strong and productive one, if properly managed afterwards.

"Observe, that in forming the bed it should be a little rounded, in order that the center may not be more wet or moist than the sides. This may be done by forming the sole or floor at first, and the bed would then be of equal strength in all parts. If it be made up against a wall in the cellar, stable or shed, it may have a slope of a few inches from the back to the front, less or more, according to its breadth. I have sometimes been contented with two courses, as above, instead of three; and often when materials were scarce, have made them up slighter, thus: three 4-inch courses of droppings, with one inch of earth between each and a 2-inch covering at top. Such a bed as this I have had produce for ten or twelve successive months, yet very much depends on the state of the materials, of the care taken in making up the beds, and on the after-management.

"The droppings of hard-fed horses only are useful. Those of horses kept on green food will, of themselves, produce few or no mushrooms. I have made up beds from farm horses, fed partly on hard and partly on green food, and from carriage or saddle horses, fed entirely on corn or hay, treated them in the same way in every respect, and have found, not once, but always, those made from the latter most productive. Droppings from hard-fed horses may be procured at the public stables in towns, or at inns in the country, any time in the year; and if the supply be plentiful, a bed of considerable dimensions may be made and finished within five or six weeks. In as many more weeks, if in a stable or dry cellar, or shed, it will begin to produce, and often sooner; but if the situation of the bed be cold, it will sometimes be two or three months in producing mushrooms."

Extremes of heat, cold, drought and moisture should be avoided in the cultivation of mushrooms. If the temperature keeps up to 50 degrees in the winter, the beds will be safe, and the heat in the beds may rise to 60 degrees or even 70 degrees without injury. Air also must be admitted in proportion to the heat, and 60 degrees should be aimed at as a medium temperature. Water, when given a little at a time, is better than too much at once, after the spawn has begun to spread; and the water for this purpose should always be made blood-warm. A light covering of straw may be used to preserve moisture on the surface; and if the beds are made in open frames, or otherwise subject to exposure, the straw may be laid thicker than on beds made in a cellar.

Should beds fail in producing mushrooms after having been kept too hot or too wet, it may be inferred that the spawn is injured or destroyed; but if, on the contrary, a bed that has been kept moderately warm and dry should happen to be unproductive, such bed may be well replenished with warm water, and a coat of warm dung may be laid over the whole. If this does not enliven the bed, after having lain a month, take the earth off; and if, on examination, there is no appearance of spawn, the whole may be destroyed. On the contrary, should the bed spawn, it may be renovated by covering it again, especially if any small tubercles be discernible. If the heat should have declined, the spawn may be taken out and used in a fresh bed. Beds may be formed in pots or pans under glass, some mats or straw must be laid over the glass to break off the intense heat of the sun.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Raising Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In regard to raising potatoes I seldom miss raising a good crop. In the first place I plant them in rich ground. If the ground is not rich enough I use manure and lime. I always try to find a place that holds moisture well and will not bake. If sandy soil can be found I plant them there. The ground should be broken up deeply, if I drill in my potatoes, I put them two feet apart. I plant medium sized potatoes, cut up, with two or three eyes to the piece. Cut as large a piece of potato to the eyes as you can. There are a great many who plant their potatoes too close, and when the tuber gather sets in there is not moisture sufficient in the ground to insure a good crop. There should be one piece of potato planted in a hill. If you want to raise a large crop of potatoes use plenty of manure and lime, and plant a little more seed. Lime, with the manure, will keep potatoes from growing too much to top. Potatoes should be planted early to insure a good crop. They should be worked three times. First, they should be plowed middling close and hoed a little, and the second time do not plow them quite so close, and do not hoe them any, and the third time you plow them do not plow as close to them as you did the second time, and do not hoe them any. By working that way, the water that falls will soak to the bottom of the hills. They should not be worked when they begin to blossom. It is very important to keep the weeds out of them after they are in blossom, which you can do with a hoe, and what you can't hoe out of the hill can be pulled out with the hands.—A FARMER, Findlay, O.

A Challenge—Fine Crop Prospects.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to offer a challenge to the mule-raising farmers and others. A farmer in Home township, Seneca county, Kansas, has a mare that gave birth to three perfect mule colts at one time.

Farming in this locality, Home township, is well along. All crops in splendid condition. Fruit and crop prospects were never better. All kinds of domestic animals are healthy and in fine condition. Times good and prices satisfactory. Will some one give complete and full directions for making and managing an out-door hotbed for raising sweet potato and other plants?—A. B. R., Vermillion Kansas.

SURG. GEN. WOODWARD, U. S. Army, says of the results of chronic malarial poisoning: "Disorder of the kidneys frequently complicates the condition under consideration. Scanty, more or less albuminous urine often observed, and those cases both infrequently terminate in chronic Bright's Disease, with confirmed albuminuria, oedema or general anasarca." What at first is recognized as malaria is subsequently found to be Bright's Disease, which Warner's Safe Cure cures.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as the feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

TRADE REPORT.

A Review of the Business of the Past Seven Days.

Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade under date of New York, April 27

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.

A Magnificent Showing of the Product of American Workmen.

About 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, on April 28, a magnificently appointed train of ten cars pulled up at the siding on Sixth street, just outside of the Pennsylvania railroad station. It was the train to bear the President and his party to New York, to attend the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington.

The train, besides the engine and tender, consisted of library and smoking car, the sleeper Premier, of the New York & Chicago limited express; the sleeper Etruria, of the New York & Cincinnati limited express; the sleeper Pelion, the dining car Continental of the New York & Chicago limited express; the sleepers England, France and America, of the New York & Chicago express, an observation car and car No. 60, of Vice President Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania railroad. The cars form the most gorgeous and best appointed train ever run in America, or in the world. They are lighted by electricity and heated by steam. They are fitted up with every appliance luxury could desire, and in them one might travel from ocean to ocean without wanting for anything.

The train was drawn up inside the yard early in the evening to await the arrival of the guests. Lieut. Mason and Mrs. Mason were the first to arrive. Justice Blatchford, Justice Field and Chief Justice Fuller came down about 10 o'clock. It was 10:40 when the President and his party passed through the gates.

There was quite a crowd gathered in the station, but way was quickly made for the party, and they passed quietly into the car reserved for them, which is the rear car of the train. Mrs. Harrison, escorted by Judge Wm. H. Robertson, came first, the President and John A. Ring following, and Secretary Rusk and his family bringing up the rear. The other guests began to arrive rapidly, and were shown to their separate cars. The President, under the escort of Mr. George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, went through all the cars and then came back to Sixty, where he seated himself. The smoker, the Etruria and the Pelion were set apart for the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the party. The England was occupied by Chief Justice Fuller and wife, Judge Blatchford, Justice Field and retired Justice Strong; the America by Secretary Windom, Mrs. Windom and the two Misses Windom, Walker Blaine and the Misses Margaret and Harriet Blaine, Secretary Rusk, Mrs. Rusk and son and daughter, Lieutenant Mason and Mrs. Mason and Colonel Barr, of the war department; the France by the members of the inaugural reception committee; while in the Alroy, a composite car, were Private Secretary Halford, Col. Wilson, Lieut. Judson, Henry W. Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Halford. The President and his immediate family and lady guests occupied car No. 60. Besides the President there were: Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Kate Davis Brown, daughter of ex-Senator Davis, of West Virginia, and wife of Commander Brown, who is at Samoa and Miss Ida Murphy, of St. Paul, Minn.

Promptly at 1 o'clock the cry "all aboard" rang out, the train men sprung to their places, conductor Larkins pulled the bell-cord, engineer Bailey in response threw open the throttle, and the long train slowly steamed out of the car sheds into the wet air.

Shortly after leaving Washington at 1 a. m., the train became the abode of sleep, every one following the example of President Harrison who did not wait until the cars rolled out of the station to seek repose.

While the train halted at Trenton, the private car of Gen. Sewell, vice president of the West Jersey railroad, carrying the official party of the state and guests, was attached, and the train then started for Elizabeth.

The unavoidable noise awakened the occupants of the President's car, and, in a short time, they were all astir. In the meantime breakfast was being served to the passengers aboard the train, who were not expecting to be entertained at Elizabeth. The arrangements for this part of the service, as for all other features of the trip, were perfect, and every one was served before the train reached Elizabethport. On the run to Elizabeth there was no incident of note.

Before the party reached Elizabeth the President and party, with guests, made their toilets and received the governor and Gen. Stryker, of the New Jersey general committee.

The train stopped at the depot, about which 1,500 or 2,000 people gathered, surrounding the carriages that were there to carry Gov. Green and his guests to breakfast.

As President Harrison appeared, escorted by the governor, he was at once recognized, and a hearty cheer went up from the throng.

The breakfast party from the train was to consist of President Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, and Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller, but in the bustle and confusion incident to the occasion, the chief justice and wife, who were in the car England, in the middle of the train, some distance from that of the President, were overlooked by the committee, and the party drove off without them.

The governor's house and grounds were elaborately decorated with the state flags and bunting and the streets in the vicinity, even at this early hour, were packed with people.

ON BOARD THE DISPATCH.

A Safe Trip in a Gig to the Vessel of Honor.

After reviewing the parade at Elizabeth, President Harrison was then driven in an open barouche along the shore of the Kill Von Kull to the Alcyone boat house, where the entire party was reunited.

A ten oared gig from the Dispatch was in waiting to take the President aboard.

Owing to the low water, the Dispatch had been forced to anchor at some distance.

The President walked down to the float, followed by Vice President Morton and Capt. Eiben. They took their seats in the gig amid cheers of the assembled crowds, the shrieks of steam whistles and ringing of bells.

The gig then put off, and the measured strokes of the sailors soon brought the boat alongside the Dispatch.

Then followed the embarkation of the rest of the party in the tenders of the navy yard tug Nina. The first boat to put off from the tug was a small steam launch containing Senators Evarts and Hiscock.

These gentlemen were cordially greeted at the float by Chief Justice Fuller, Postmaster General Wanamaker, who with Secretary Windom and Secretary Rusk went on board, and soon rejoined the President on board the Dispatch.

The rest of the party, including Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, went on board the Sirius. At 11:10 both vessels weighed anchor and steamed up the bay.

TO THE VERY LETTER.

The Naval Parade a Grand and Beautiful Success.

The arrangements for the naval parade in New York were carried out to the letter. At 7 o'clock the steamer Dispatch, having on board Admiral Porter, Gen. Schofield and Representatives of the Centennial committee, left the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, and gay with fluttering flags steamed down the East river on her trip to Elizabethport, where she was to meet President Harrison and his party. Crowds had gathered at the pier, and cheered the Dispatch as she steamed away.

By this time the harbor was literally alive with sailing craft of every description, and whistles sounded and guns boomed salutes as the Dispatch picked her way on her course.

Half a dozen big men-of-war were anchored in the vicinity of Governor's island and Ellis island, awaiting the return of the President's boat.

The men-of-war were the Chicago, carrying the flag of the secretary of the Navy; the Boston, carrying the admiral's flag; and the Atlanta, Yorktown, Juniata, Yantic, Essex and Jamestown.

The staff of the admiral and grand marshal reported to Rear Admiral Janett at 7 a. m. on the tug Nina, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, who at once steamed down the bay and went on board his flagship, the Chicago. The Chicago was gaily decked with flags and bunting. The official flags were the President's flag (ship and boat), secretary of the navy's flags, admiral's flag and the rear admiral's flag.

The Boston was flying the admiral's flag. The general formation of the line was a column consisting of the naval division, the revenue division and the yacht division, in the order named. The naval division was as follows: Chicago, Kearsage, Yantic, Essex, Brooklyn, Jamestown, Juniata, Yorktown and Boston.

The revenue and yacht division were in double columns and 100 yards apart, with 200 yards between the columns. The eastern column was directly astern of the naval division.

The revenue division included four steamers and three harbor tugs.

The yacht division included the vessels of the New York Yacht club, the Atlantic, Corinthian, Seamonlake, American and Larchmont clubs.

The sailing yachts were anchored between Ellis and Bedloe's island, close in shore, dressed in flags and colors.

The length of the first column was about one and one-half miles. In the rear of the first column was the Merchant Marine division, ten squadrons in double column, on opposite sides of the channel. The naval parade was in command of Admiral D. D. Porter.

The merchants' marine column was commanded by the vice admiral's flagship, steamer Bergen. In this column were over 400 vessels, varying in size from the tug and lighters to the large passenger and freight steamers.

At 7:30 a. m. this morning the naval division gave the regulation "ume" and "made dress."

At 8 a. m. ships were dressed "rainbow" fashion with the flag of the secretary of the Navy at main top of the Chicago, and the flag of the admiral of the Navy at the main top of the Boston. The national ensigns were run up to the top of all other mastheads.

THE TRIP TO NEW YORK.

The Roar of Cannon Almost Deafening as the Route is Traversed.

It was about 11:15 when the start of the Dispatch on her trip up the Kills was announced by guns from Port Richmond, and it was afer 12 o'clock when she came in sight in the upper bay.

For several minutes the roar of cannon, as she passed the several men-of-war, was almost deafening, each of these together with the forts in the harbor, firing the national salute.

The bay was crowded with small boats, vessels of every description, so that from a distance a glimpse of clear water was practically impossible.

Every vessel in the great fleet upon the bay had been placed before 11 o'clock and all eyes were strained waiting coming events.

Suddenly the deep boom of a gun arose above the hissing of steam and the swash of steamers' paddlers. Instantly every man in the vessel fleet was on the alert for orders. The gun was the signal from the tug Nina, anchored in the Kill Von Kull, and it meant that the Dispatch, with the Presidential party, was opposite Port Richmond.

Then another report from a cannon set everyone in action. This was the signal from the Chicago for all vessels to heave anchors short and prepare to move.

Hardly had this been accomplished when the Dispatch hove in sight. Following close in her wake was the Erastus Wiman, Sirius and Monmouth filled with invited guests and families.

As the Dispatch came opposite the Chicago, the entire fleet of over 400 steamers blew their whistles.

She passed the Battery at 12:20. It made a tremendous din coupled with incessant gun firing and was kept up for three or four minutes, although the scheduled limit was only half a minute.

On went the stately war ship up the channel and into East river, where she came to anchor off the foot of Wall street.

THE LANDING.

The Ceremony Attending His Trip From the Dispatch to the Shore.

On the arrival of the Dispatch and the President opposite the Wall Street ferry the ships anchored. A barge manned by a crew of shipmasters from the marine society, of the port of New York, with Capt. Ambrose Snow, the President's coxswain went out to thevessels.

The members of the crew were uniformed in black frock coats, striped trousers and silk hats. It was a crew of this same society which rowed Gen. Washington ashore 100 years ago. The barge selected to bear the President ashore is one of the fastest boats in the navy.

It is christened Queen Kapeolana, and belongs to the Dispatch.

Following the example of Washington, Pres dent Harrison was rowed ashore in the barge. As he stepped out of the boat the Presidential salute of 21 guns was begun from the Battery. As soon as the salute was fired by Gov. Hill, Mayor Grant, Hamilton Fish and Wm. G. Hamilton.

Pier 16, where the President landed, was one of the most brilliantly decorated spots in the city. The roof was one fluttering mass of flags and streamers, and the interior, usually so sombre, was brilliant with all the colors of the rainbow.

To the left of the Pier was attached the float at which the boat containing the presidential party emptied its distinguished passengers. The float was handsomely carpeted and the stairs leading to the slip were covered with a canopy of bunting.

THE MARCH UP STREET.

A Gay Procession—The Banners of a Hundred Years Ago.

After the landing, the procession was at once formed. The President and Governor Hill and Mayor Grant were greeted by continuous cheers.

The old banner of the Marine society, which was borne before Washington, April 29, 1789, has been preserved for one hundred years and was to-day carried before the President's carriage up Wall street.

The banner, which is about five feet square, was originally of silk, which is now a faded yellow. The name of the society in gold and blue letters is still as bright as ever.

The procession reached the Equitable at five minutes to two, and the cheering seemed to know no end. It was nearly an hour before the mass had become controlable.

Chairman Hamilton, of the committee on States, received all those in the carriages, while the chimes of Old Trinity played the Doxology, the bands in the street quickly catching up the strain.

By 2 o'clock all had reached the banquet hall.

Ex-President Cleveland was not present, and his seat beside ex-President Hayes was filled by Chauncey M. Depew.

With as little delay as was possible in such a crowd, the President was escorted to the Lawyers' club room in the Equitable building, where a brief reception was given under the direction of the committee on States.

Thousands Throng the Streets to Greet and Grasp the Hand of the President.

At 4 o'clock the President received thousands of people in the city hall. He was escorted there by the militia, and was assisted in the difficult task by the mayor and Governor Hill.

In the party was a throng of school children, who had come to pay their respects to the chief magistrate.

THE BALL.

The Quadrille Took Place According to Programme.

The banquet and ball which occured last night, was superb.

As midnight was chimed in the President and his party, in the same order as they were escorted into the ball room, were ushered into the banquet-room. The President's table, which occupied the center of a series of geometrically arranged tables, seated 800 persons, and was so arranged as to be served from eight different points, the service being invisible.

Both the supper-room and ball-room were a blaze of light. The vestibule was treated in the appropriate white and gold of the good old colonial days, which was illuminated by the electric lights of red, white and blue, made into patterns emblematical of the nation. The supper-room had an arched ceiling, supported on columns with emblematical capitals, and done in cream white and gold, while old red cotton plush covered the side walls. Set in between each set of columns were panels designed emblematically also with shields and flags. Precautions were taken to render all the decorations fireproof by the smear of a chemical.

The American eagle and shield surmounted the boxes erected at the rear of the stage for the President's party and officials present, while above all the word Washington, with the dates 1879 and 1889, were printed in colored electric lights. Draperies of silk, curtains of plush and festoons of variagated flowers were used to beautify the boxes, the fronts of the lower tier of which were hung in old-red plush, as a relief to the costumes of the dancers. To the front of each other box were applied some special design and color.

The supper-room began at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street, went through Thirty-ninth street and up Seventh avenue to Fortieth street, making an apartment 45 feet wide by 475 feet long. It accommodated 5,000 persons at one time.

MAP SHOWING OKLAHOMA.

In the map above, that portion of Oklahoma which is now open to settlers is represented by a boundary of crossed lines, the Cherokee strip, which it is proposed to next throw open to settlers, being west of this and represented by a boundary of short vertical lines. The larger enclosure, within the boundary of the oblique lines, shows what it is proposed to finally include within Oklahoma territory. The lines crossed by shorter ones at right angles indicate railroads; the waved lines, rivers and smaller streams.

The tables in this room were arranged in the form of a Grecian border, with passages at the back of them to facilitate the service.

In the Seventh avenue and Thirty-ninth street corner of the supper-room there was a platform for the President's party in plain view from all parts of the place, directly opposite which a raised gallery was occupied by the musicians.

The mayor arrived at the hall at 10:15. Fifteen minutes later the President arrived, and was met by the manager of the ball at the entrance to the Opera-house. The reception by Mayor Grant, as host of the evening, occured on the ballroom floor, after which the President was conducted to his box, which is at the rear of the hall. Then the opening quadrille was formed and the ball started.

THE PROGRAMME

For Tuesday April 30—The Real Centennial Day.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The second day of the great Centennial celebration opened with a clear sky, a fresh westerly breeze, a city full of tired people and a still lingering desire to make the occasion memorable in the history of spectacle and pageants.

To-day's programme is divided between thanksgiving and rejoicing

The time table is as follows:

9. a. m.—Thanksgiving service at St. Paul's chapel, with sermon by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter.

The President is to be met at the Vesey street gate by a committee of Trinity vestry and escorted to the west entrance, where he will be received by the rector of Trinity (Dr. Dix) and the full vestry and escorted to the old Washington pew.

9:45 a. m.—At the conclusion of the service at St. Paul's the President will be escorted to the west porch by the vestry, and will there be received by the committee on literary exercises, by whom he will be escorted to the sub-treasury building.

10 a. m.—Literary exercises at sub-treasury; invocation by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D.; poem by John Greenleaf Whittier; speech by Chauncey M. Depew; an address by the President and a benediction by Archbishop Corrigan.

While the literary exercises are taking place, the military will move from the head of Wall street and Broadway, and at the conclusion of the exercises, the President, the members of the Cabinet, the chief justice and associate justices of the United States, will be driven to the reviewing stand, at Madison Square, to review the parade.

Other guests will be carried on a special train on the Third Avenue Elevated road, which will start from Hanover Square and run to the Twenty-third street station.

6:30 p. m.—Banquet at the Metropolitan opera-house at which the President will be present accompanied by Vice President Morton, Governor Hill, Speaker Carlisle, Chief Justice Fuller, Admiral Porter and Gen. Schofield. Mayor Grant will preside.

There will be thirteen speeches by eminent orators, the ladies appearing in the boxes overlooking the tables as soon as the toast master rises at 9 p. m.

8 p. m.—Free open air concert by German and other singing societies at reviewing stand in Madison square and general illuminations and fireworks throughout the city, viz.: At Tompkins square; Canal street; Washington square; Union square; Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue; Mount Morris park; East River park, Eightieth street; Washington Heights, and also at points in the Twenty-third and Twenty-forth wards.

THE OPENING.

A Cool, Bracing Air With a Perfect Morning Hanging in the East.

It was too cold, perhaps, for those who shiver in a light wind, but it was a morning to delight the heart of a soldier, who had a long tramp before him.

The air was exhilerating in the extreme, and the wind sharp enough to soon put a tinge of bloom on the cheeks of those who faced it.

Many, not already there in these early hours, wended their way towards the lowest end of the city, more resplendent than ever in the early morning light with the wind stretching every flag and streamer taut, and snapping their folds as though in jubilation.

One of the things which attracted people to the Battery on the second day was the sound of martial music from a band which preceded Riker Post, G. A. R., to the Battery, where a flag was raised with appropriate ceremonies. This, however, was not the only attraction, for, as the sun rose, the soul-inspiring strains of "Old Hundred" were borne on the breeze to many listening ears, the chimes of Old Trinity running by Albert Meislahn, jr., furnishing the music.

The following programme was gone through: "Old Hundred," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Centennial March," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "America," "The Starry Flag," "Our Flag is There," "Auld Lang Syne," "My Country's Flag of Stars."

As the morning wore along the crowds in the street became even denser than they were on yesterday, and this time the hurry was greater, for one and all saw the necessity of reaching points of vantage from which to view the parade at the earliest practicable moment.

Then the sound of the bells calling the people to thanksgiving services in the various churches, awakened people anew to the true solemnity of the occasion.

AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The Impressive Services Held This Morning—A Beautiful Service.

At St. Paul's the exercises were conducted by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., LL. D., bishop of New York, as the services on the day of Washington's inauguration were conducted by the bishop of New York, the Right Rev. Samuel Provoost.

At 8 o'clock the committee on states escorted the President from the Fifth avenue hotel, accompanied by the chief justice and members of the cabinet, and under an escort of police, proceeded to Vice President Morton's house.

The Vice President entered President Harrison's carriage, and the procession moved down to St. Paul's.

At the Vesey street gate the party was met by the committee of the vestry of Trinity church, and the President was conducted to the Washington pew. The edifice was filled with the wealthiest and most prominent people in the country. Bishop Potter's address was touching in the extreme.

After the ceremonies in the church were concluded the Presidential party, escorted by the committee, were driven down to the sub-treasury building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, where the literary exercises of the day began. The crowd at the sub-treasury defied computation and the cheers which greeted the President upon his appearance on the platform under the heroic statue of Washington, fairly shook the foundations of the building itself.

The thanksgiving services at St. Paul's chapel were carried out strictly according to the programme. Prior to their being begun a great crowd began to assemble on the east side of Broadway, extending, as early as 8 o'clock, from below Fulton street to the postoffice.

The windows and roofs of buildings on Park Row and Broadway were thronged with people. With the exception of those who had tickets or passes of some kind Vesey street was kept clear.

At exactly 8:50 o'clock the President arrived at the Vesey street gate to the chapel. The crowd in the vicinity of St. Paul's seemed to be impressed with the religious order of the exercises within the edince, for it was the most orderly crowd of any that have assembled thus far in the celebration.

In the carriage with the President was Vice President Morton and Mr. Hamilton. As the President stepped from his carriage, followed by the Vice President and Mr. Hamilton, a committee of the Trinity vestry emerged from the gateway and escorted the party to the west entrance where the rector of Trinity, Rev. Dr. Dix was waiting to escort the President to the old Washington pew.

In the carriage were Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Morton and Clarence Bowen.

Postmaster General Wanamaker and Col. Elliott F. Shepard hurried through the crowd on foot, and at 9:12 o'clock an open carriage containing ex-President Cleveland, ex-President Hayes, Lieutenant Governor Jones and Senator Wm. Evarts drew up at the gate.

Mr. Cleveland was the first to alight, and in doing so missed his footing, and almost fell. He hurried into the church, followed by the others in his party.

The President and Vice President, whom eager eyes sought in one of the front pews, occupied the large pew midway up on the side aisle under the south gallery.

Governor Hill sat in a corresponding position on the north side. Most of the cabinet officers were allotted seats at the head of the center aisle. Ex-President Hayes sat beside Mr. Cleveland.

Following is the order of exercises:

1, Processional hymn; 2, Our Father, etc.; 3, Psalm LXXXV.; 4, 1st lesson Ecclcs. XLIV.; 5, Te Deum; 6, 21 lesson St. John VIII.; 7, Benediction; 8, creed and prayers; 9, address by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York; 10, Processional hymn.

At the close of the service the doors leading on the west porch were thrown open and the distinguished congregation, which had entered the Broadway entrances, passed out this way under the canopy which had been stretched to the Vesey street gate.

The guests took the carriages assigned them according to the arranged programme and moved along, short paces at a time, till the entire body were seated in carriages.

Broadway down to Pine street was kept clear, though the walks, stoops, windows and house tops were thronged. The procession was headed by a company of mounted police.

AT THE SUB-TREASURY.

The Literary Exercises Conducted Without a Hitch.

The sub-Treasury steps, the scene of the literary exercises, were the mecca of thousands from an early hour. At 9 o'clock it was almost impossible to pass through the streets for a quarter of a mile around, while in the immediate neighborhood of the sub-Treasury the sightseers were packed like the traditional sheep.

There was a great crush around the sub-tressury steps, before the arrival of the presidential party. As soon as the presidential party preached the platform a shout of applause rose from the crowd. Archbishop Corrigan, wearing his scarlet robes, was on the platform when the party arrived. He was introduced to the President and Vice-President, Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, Dr. Storrs, and others.

Hamilton Fish, sr., opened the exercises by introducing Elbridge Gerry, as chairman, who made a brief address.

Mr. Gerry then introduced Rev. Richard T. Storrs, who delivered the invocation in a very clear voice.

C. W. Bower, secretary of the Centennial committee, was next introduced. He read J. G. Whittier's poem, composed for the occasion. It was as follows:

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginia sky.
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union bond;
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

At the conclusion of the reading the assemblage gave Mr. Whittier three cheers and a tiger. Hon. Chancey M. Depew, the orator of the day was next introduced. He received a hearty greeting and when this had subsided, he made the address of welcome.

In the midst of the enthusiastic cheering that followed Mr. Depew's sitting down, Mr. Elbridge Gerry arose and said: "The President of the United State will now address you."

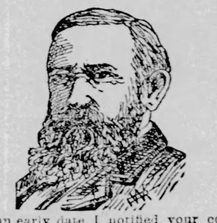
PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Remarks Which Brought Out All the Latent Enthusiasm.

President Harrison then arose from his seat, placed his hat on the chair in which he had been sitting, and advanced to the front of the platform. This was the signal for a grand outburt of cheers.

Dozens of cameras were pointed at him from the surrounding house-tops and he stood still for a moment, unconsciously giving the photographers an excellent opportunity.

He began to speak, however, before the cheering died away and it was impossible for any one to hear his first few words. He spoke as follows: "These proceedings are of a very exacting character, and make it quite impossible that I should deliver an address on this occasion.



"At an early date I notified your committee that the programme must not contain any address by me. The selection of Mr. Depew as the orator on this occasion made further speech not only difficult but superfluous.

"He has met the demand of the occasion on its own high level. He has brought before us the incidents of the ceremonies of the great inauguration of Washington. We seem to be a part of the admiring and almost adoring throng that filled those streets an hundred years ago, to greet the always inspiring presence of Washington. He was the incarnation of duty, and he teaches us to-day this great lesson that those who would associate their name with events that shall outlive a century can only do so by the highest consecration to duty.

"He was like the captain who goes to sea and throws overboard his cargo of rags that he may gain safety and deliverance for his imperilled fellow-men.

"Washington seemed to come to the discharge of the duties of his high office impressed with a great sense of his unfamilarity with the position newly thrust upon him modestly doubtful of his own ability, but trusting implicitly in his hopefulness that God who rules the world, presides in the conscience of nations, and his power to control human events.

"We have made a marvellous progress in material events since then, but the stately and enduring shaft we have built at the capital at Washington symbolizes the fact that he is still the first American citizen."

The remarks of the President were frequently interpited with cheers, and when he sat down the air was rent with the applause of the assembled crowd.

Then came cries for "Morton," but the Vice President merely responded by rising and bowing to the throng.

Archbishop Corrigan then pronounced the benediction, every one in hearing standing uncovered.

The literary exercises were over at 11:15 o'clock and the Presidential party left the sub-treasury in the order it had entered. The crowd of people was kept back from Pine and Nassau streets while the Presidential party entered carriages and started for the reviewing stand at Madison Square.

THE PARADE.

A Grand Pageant in the Streets of a Great City.

The moment the exercises at the sub-Treasury began the military paradestarted up Broadway from Pine street on its triumphal march, with Gen. Schofield commanding.

The parade was in three divisions, the first consisting of regular troops, cadets and detachments of volunteers. The West Pointers, 400 strong, led the column.

The second division consisted of the state militia, and they marched in the order in which their respective states were admitted to the Union, with the governors of each state at the head of its troops.

The crowds that lined the streets and filled windows and housetops, were unprecedented, even for New York.

At precisely 10:25 Gen Schofield gave the order and the greatest military parade of modern times started from Pine street. From the point where the start was made, up Broadway as far as the eye could reach, the sidewalks were literally blockaded with people while the windows, doorways, and roofs of the buildings were simply a mass of humanity. As the gorgeous pagent began to move up Broadway, all the patriotism in the mass which had been pent up for many hours now broke forth.

The scenes along the first part of the line of march almost beggar description. The crowd was, of course, largely made up of an outside element, quite foreign to New York, and the ways of its metropolitan masses; hence there were many ludicrous incidents natural to the occasion.

The crowd, however, under all its crushing and suffering was marvelously good-natured, its sense of touch being apparently subordinated by, or more properly drowned, in its patriotic feeling.

Just before 12:30 o'clock the President and other honored guests of the day were driven past the city hall stand in open carriages.

The knowledge that they had started from the sub-treasury to take their places on the reviewing stand at Madison square had been telegraphed along the line and the military bodies had been drawn up in saluting columns on the east side of Broadway. Sergt. Revelle and his squad of twenty mounted officers, rode ahead of the President's carriage.

The horses, in a quick canter, set the pace maintained throughout the entire route. President Harrison, in the first carriage, beside Vice President Morton, kept his head uncovered and nodded to the right and left in acknowledgment of the wild applause which greeted him all along the line.

It was such a reception as never before went up from a gathering on Broadway, or any other thoroughfare.

At the Reviewing Stand.

The Washington square was simply a seething, hustling, bustling crowd of humanity. As the troops passed down Waverly Place and up Fifth avenue under the grand arch the scene from the grand stand was a magnificent one. The long line of soldiers with their trappings and trimmings glittering in the sun looked like some vast river of humanity slowly moving on. As the troops filed down and into Fifth avenue they were greeted with cheer after cheer. On up the broad avenue passed the pageant with martial music and steady tread. Ladies forgot their buttons, torn dresses and disordered attire. They had come to see it all, and see it they intended to, anyhow.

The avenue offered an excellent opportunity for the men to display their training, and they took advantage of it. Into Union Square came the head of the column.

The troops made a beautiful turn and passing by the statue of the immortal George, wound around the square like some huge gaily colored serpent.

Madison Square seemed a mass of flags and bunting.

The two big stands were handsomely decorated, and early in the day the crowd began to gather. The President and party arrived at 11:30.

In the box with the President were Vice-President Morton, Chief Justice Fuller, Secretary of State Blaine, Mayor Grant, General Sherman, Admiral Porter, Hamilton Fish, Eldridge T. Gerry and ex-Presidents Cleveland Hayes.

As column after column of troops wheeled past the reviewing stand, the crowd, which was packed in front so densely that breathing was difficult. Wildly cheered, President Harrison bowed his acknowledgment to the present arms, and for hours the people howled and yelled as the imposing pageant went by.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on April 24:

Thomas J. Bayly, at Bessemer, Ala., vice A. R. Megrue, commission expired; Miss Mary Pittello, at Uniontown, Ala., office became presidential April 1, 1889; William L. Kelsey, at Tempie, Texas, vice J. W. Wright, resigned; John E. Pickering, at Alta, Iowa, vice J. E. Pickering, commission expired; Ervin H. Matthews, at Athens, Tenn., vice J. A. Turley, resigned; Wm. H. Turrell, at Waverly, Iowa, vice A. Sheppard, commission expired; Edward Angel, at Hailey, Idaho, vice J. G. Hammer, resigned; Michael C. Garber, at Madison, Ind., vice M. A. Barnett, removed; Mrs. Margaret I. Howe, Worthington, Ind., vice P. H. Wilson, removed; R. F. Bebout at Rushville, Ind., vice T. M. Ochiltree, nominated but not confirmed; John W. Steele, at Oberlin, O., vice E. J. Phillips, commission expired; Samuel C. Moore, at Findlay, O., vice W. S. Hammaker, nominated but not confirmed; Orin D. Austin at Butler, Mo., vice C. C. Duke, resigned; Mrs. Angella A. Sisson, at Lexington, Neb., vice E. H. Krier, resigned; George H. Cook, at Flagstaff, Ariz., vice D. J. Brennan, nominated but not confirmed; Mary Simpson at Pass Christian, Miss., office became presidential April 1, 1889; Samuel M. Howry at Oxford, Miss., vice L. S. Dillard, removed; Harry H. Lusk at Parsons, Kan., vice F. W. Frye, resigned; Henry E. Cowgill at Baldwin, Kan., vice H. C. Carter, nominated but not confirmed.

The President made the following appointments on April 26:

DR. DANIEL DORCHESTER, of Boston, Mass., to be superintendent of indian schools.

WARREN THRELIF, of Dallas, Ore, to be registered the land office, at Lakeview, Ore.

THOS. B. BALDWIN, of Folsom, New Mexico, to be register of the land office at Folsom, N. M.

JAMES B. McGONIGAL, of Colby, Kan., to be receiver of public moneys at Oberlin, Kan.

BENJAMIN P. SHULER, of Minn., to be agent for the Indians of the White Earth agency in Minnesota.

BENJAMIN J. HARTON, of Lawrence Kan.; H. J. ATEN, of Hiawatha, Kan.; A. D. WALKER, Holton, Kan., commissioners to negotiate with the prairie band of Pottawattomies and Kickapoo Indians in Kansas for the sale of all or a portion of their lands in Kansas and the allotment of the remainder in severalty under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved March 2, 1839.

J. H. BAKER, of Goshen, Ind., a commissioner to negotiate with the Comanche and other Indians for the cession to the United States of certain lands as provided in section 14, (act approved March 2, 1889).

J. T. METCALF, of Iowa, has been appointed chief clerk of the money order office of the Postoffice department, vice Cooley, appointed chief clerk of the Postoffice department.

A. G. SHARP, of Tennessee, formerly chief postoffice inspector of the Postoffice department, has been appointed division inspector of the Atlanta division; vice W. W. Simpson, resigned.

The Doubt in Favor of the Soldier.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner, has rendered a decision by which the pension of Henry Dembitz will be increased from $30 to $72 per month. The pensioner in this case has been receiving a pension of $30 per month for what is known as Perigoff's amputation of both feet. This amputation is the removal of the entire foot with the exception of a portion of the heel bone and the integuments of the heel which are brought forward to cover the ankle joint. The case was presented to the commissioner to-day, and he held that the legal distinction between the loss of so much of the feet as was experienced in this case and the total loss of the feet, was a mere tecnical difference, and that the claimant was entitled to a pension of $75 per month.

The New Census.

R P. Porter, superintendent of the census, has recommended to the secretary of the Interior the appointment of J. C. Stoddard as disbursing officer of the census. Mr. Stoddard is at present the disbursing officer of the department of labor. He has also recommended the appointment of W. C. Hunt as statistical expert. Mr. Hunt was formerly chief of the division of results of the Massachusetts census. It is understood that both of these recommendations will be approved by Secretary Noble. Mr. Porter states that no clerical appointments will be made until next year. He will, however, appoint a number of statistical experts, and, far as practicable, men who were engaged in the work of the last census.

Division Inspectors.

Division inspectors of the postoffice department were appointed on April 26, as follows: General Warren P. Edgarton, of New Jersey, assigned to Philadelphia, vice Timothy O'Leary, resigned; Geo A. Dice, of Illinois, assigned to St. Louis, vice F. Gulic, resigned; George L. Seybolt of California, assigned to San Francisco, vice L. A. Kirkwood, resigned; W. C. Ballard of Illinois, J. D. Kind of Illinois, and J. O. Culver of California, have been reinstated as postoffice inspectors on all depredations under civil service rule No. 10, they not having been separated from the service more than a year.

Postal Appointments.

Superintendents of mails of the postoffice department, were on April 26 appointed as follows:

Theodore Ingalls, at Louisville, Ky., vice W. J. Ramsey, resigned; C. C. Clark, at Columbus, O., vice H. A. Skinner resigned; H. C. Parlin at Minneapolis, Minn., Vice A. H. Ahern resigned; N. J. Miller, at Des-Moines, Iowa, addition to the service.

Each of these appointees have been in the railway mail service for many years.

Judge Welker Resigns.

Judge Martin Welker has handed in his resignation as federal judge for the Northern district of Ohio, and has set the gossips busy figuring on who will be his successor. It is very probable that an appointment will be made at an early day, as the position is one of considerable importance.

Important to Soldiers.

War veterans who are entitled to commutation for the loss of the use of their limbs by disease or injury are now filing their claims in vast numbers.

It is said at the office of the surgeon general of the army that a considerable percentage of the money which Congress intended for those disabled soldiers is unnecessarily wasted in attorneys' fees. Notice is given that all such claims can be settled by a letter to the surgeon general of the army, without incurring any expense to the claimant.

A Society to Elevate the Condition of the Negro Race.

A new secret organization has been formed and is taking deep root among the colored people of South Carolina. It is called the Colored Farmers' National Alliance and Co-operative Union.

Its declared objects are: To elevate the colored people of America by teaching them to love their country and their homes; to care more for their helpless and destit